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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: :: Editor

UNCENSORED NEWSPAPER SALACITIES

PUTRESCENT journalism has been in the saddle, locally, this last week to a nauseating degree. A negro having been lured by a white woman to leave her San Diego home and husband, the white slave feature of the case collapses, the Salt Lake authorities properly holding that they could not legally detain the woman's male escort in her flight eastward. Repellent as this phase of the escapade was our down-to-the-minute journalism heightened the impudicities by printing first page interviews with the foolish woman, telling of her "love" for the negro, her determination to be legally united to him as soon as she could slough off her present matrimonial shackles and her assertion of the entire "innocence" of her paramour. Followed, the declaration of the faith of the husband in his fleeing wife, his intent to retrieve her, so to say, and finally, his journey to Salt Lake to bear her homeward. All, all is set forth under across-the-page display headlines, with every phase of the salacious details greedily covered. This in repeated doses, unchecked. Yet many yearn to have a board of censors for moving pictures! What a lot of humbugs we are!

REDLANDS' PRIZE PULPIT ANOMALY

ZEALOUS in the prosecution of its admirable work the Allies Aid Association of Southern California has been making urgent appeal of late to persons of British birth or descent hereabouts for funds to help in the work of trying to alleviate part of the widespread misery in Europe caused by the war and intensified by the advent of winter. In inviting contributions no specific mention is made of the way funds collected will be employed, save in behalf of women and children, the sick and the aged, deprived of their homes and exposed to the elements, yet a clerical gentleman of Redlands, admittedly of British descent, replies to the circular letter sent out by the president and secretary of the association, wilfully misinterpreting the appeal. After reflecting on England's part in "this unholy war," her treatment of America—poor America—her "lies, deceptions, her greed and her brutality," he continues: "When the allies will permit milk under American Red Cross supervision to reach the children of Germany and her allies; when England can be fair enough to allow hospital necessities to reach the sick and suffering of the Central empires, then one may be able and willing to hear the call for aid as sounded by such British associations as minister only to one side in a work that should be for all sides. Belgium suffers because of English perfidy, so also Serbia, while Poland, burned and ravished by the brutal ally, Russia, receives no consideration or help from men who claim to work in the name of humanity. I hold no brief for any nation at war but I despise the hypocrisy that insults the intelligence of sane Americans by soliciting aid for soldiers in the trenches, aid which the governments themselves should furnish." To this extraordinary screed President Edmund Mitchell has replied in a spirit of fine dignity and repression. After deploring the minister's bitterness of soul which has so destroyed the spirit of true benevolence, he adds: "German babies deprived of milk—if such be really the truth—present a saddening spectacle despite the acts of their own nation which are primarily and directly responsible. But still more to be pitied are Belgian children driven remorselessly from their ruined homes, their parents and bread-winners in many cases murdered, their own little bodies, in a considerable number of proved instances, maimed for life by the brutality of German soldiery deliberately ordered to a campaign of 'fright-

fulness' in a peaceful and peace-loving country which the German people were bound in honor to safeguard and protect. In these circumstances I should have thought that any one, like yourself, imbued with pro-German proclivities, would be only too glad and thankful to contribute to the relief of suffering among the refugees from Belgium, if from no higher motive than penance for the wrongs inflicted upon an innocent populace." What a pity that the Redlands divine should see so awry as to characterize the appeal as one for "soldiers in the trenches." That is a flagrant misrepresentation of the issues. The soldiers in the trenches are not mentioned nor even remotely suggested. The invitation is couched on broad grounds and the object should appeal to all philanthropic souls, irrespective of personal sympathies in the outcome of the war. It is the miserable, helpless, innocent victims of the war whose woes are to be alleviated and the Rev. Arthur E. Isham of Redlands reveals a mind sadly aghast in its reasoning faculties when he fulminates so absurdly and on so mistaken—wilfully mistaken—a premise. We wonder what sort of spiritual pabulum he projects from his Sabbath day pulpit if his letter is a fair reflection of the yeasting of his gray matter?

INDIVIDUAL OR PARTY IN STATE ELECTIONS

ONE of the members of the state supreme bench writes to The Graphic in a friendly way concerning the attitude we have taken in regard to the amended election laws. He argues that the citizen who registers as a nonpartisan and then attempts to vote at the primary for any party candidate is interfering in that which does not properly concern him since he is an intruder with no declared affiliation, hence is in nowise entitled to help to a decision any party aspirant for office. Logically and morally, it is declared by the eminent jurist, the registered nonpartisan has no right to cast a vote at the primary election. He further contends that if that were the prevailing practice it would be possible for non-affiliating voters to sway the nominations in parties with whose principles they were not in accord and, on occasions, might combine to name a weak or unfit candidate so that at the general election their real choice might triumph; or, the registered nonpartisans, by concerted action, might force a candidate on a party (Johnson, for example, as the choice of the Republicans for United States senator) who was in nowise affiliated with that party and in no sense its representative candidate. Apparently, this is a strong presentation of reasons why the nonpartisan registration, and declaration at the primary only, are indefensible, illogical and unmoral. We say, apparently, for we cannot forget that under the old practice, prior to the direct primary, party conventions often were packed by adherents of the opposing political organization sent there under instructions by the bosses to defeat the nomination of good men of independent ways of thinking to the end that subservient candidates of the "take-orders" stripe could be named and thrust upon the people at the general election. This was done indiscriminately; Democrats and Republicans alike invaded the opposing convention halls and held the balance of power. It was as common a practice as it was notorious. It may be argued that by a party registration law such reprehensible acts are rendered impossible and yet, considering the chaotic condition of political parties at this time it were unfair to deprive the high-minded citizen of an opportunity to bring order out of chaos. Our juristic correspondent reminds us that the prime function of a political party is the establishment of certain fixed principles whose adoption by the people or state is of greater importance than the election of individuals. On national questions we are ready to admit that premise, but what, we ask the distinguished justice, is the difference in principles within the state of California, between Republicans and Democrats? There are no vital issues at stake. Examine the platforms of the two parties, as promulgated in 1912, insofar as they relate to state government and internal affairs, and then decide wherein the adoption of one or the other would be better for the commonwealth? In spite of the able jurist's dictum that the prime function of a party lies in the establishment of its principles we affirm that in state politics the personal equation rises above party considerations and that the strong candidate of impeccable

reputation and independent action is more to be desired than a devout party man. For what shall it profit the state if merely a staunch Republican or a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat aspire to the gubernatorial chair and he have nothing but partisan shibboleths to commend him? That is why we favor a withholding of party declaration until the discerning citizen has opportunity to scan the list of candidates of all parties and then, being politically unfettered, vote as his intellect and good judgment dictate. Were this made impossible by obligatory party registration the best candidate, ie., irrespective of party, might not be named, for trammelled by his registered handicap the patriotic citizen might not be able to vote as his conscience, his clear vision directed. That is why we place good citizenship in state elections above partisanship, hence must respectfully dissent from the quoted views held by the esteemed member of the state supreme court, who would deny the registered nonpartisan citizen a vote at the primary.

REMOVING A LOCAL EMBARRASSMENT

CONGRATULATIONS to the Drama League for its espousal of the movement to abolish the unpleasantly notorious local moving picture censor board, in which object the city council has concurred by resolving to substitute a single commissioner whose duty it shall be to see that the decisions of the National Censor Board are faithfully observed. In this good work Councilwoman Estelle Lawton Lindsay has taken active lead and her success in gaining the support of her colleagues in the council entitles her to public commendation. We have no sympathy with the faction that would abolish the national censorship and give the moving picture industry an unfettered hand. That were as unwise as the retention of the local board of censorship. The compromise, as suggested by Mr. Dixon, is worth a fair trial and if the appointment is made with due regard to the requirements of the situation the moving picture producers need not worry nor the city find itself embarrassed by the peculiar antics of its representatives.

PULPIT BIZARRERIE VS. CABARET GUZZLING

THAT sprightly weekly journal the San Francisco News Letter, has been chortling over the methods used by Los Angeles divines to attract sinners to the fold by listening to their Sabbath day discourses. Our esteemed contemporary, after studying the "religious" advertisements in our daily papers, balks at characterizing the topics to be treated as "divine service." How can it be when it finds one "clerical gent" announcing that he will preach in the forenoon on "Love on Trial, or How to Tell the Genuine from the Counterfeit" and in the evening on "Leap Year; Should Women Propose?" Another of our pulpiteers advertises a discourse on the "Snoring Christian," and a third "Can a Movie Actor be a Good Man." At least a dozen other bizarre topics are cited as taken from the display advertisements, all tending to show that a decided kaleidoscopic taste prevails in our local pulpits, with the gospel of Christ relegated to the background. And yet, carp as one may at the palpable lures of the preachers to attract audiences, the motive is commendable. When one considers the many counter attractions—the mountains, the sea, the wonderful highways on which to bowl along in automobiles—what is a poor minister to do? "First catch your hare, then cook him" seems to be his justification for the fantastic subjects selected for pulpit exposition. After all, the Los Angeles churches do attract a large attendance on the Sabbath and who shall say that the audiences are less benefited than the clamorous folk of the northern metropolis whose Sunday intestinal feasts are promoted by the frabjous spectacles provided by the garish cabaret performers there so abundant.

Russia has the largest population of any of the countries engaged in the present European war. For this reason should her losses be not only actually but even proportionally larger than those of any other nation she should be in position to recuperate soonest. So, whoever wins one inevitable outcome will be the increase (if it ever existed) of the "Slav Peril" to which the Kaiser has so frequently and eloquently referred.

FOURTH AND SPRING TO 42D AND BROADWAY

By Randolph Bartlett

LEW STONE is not the only Thespian, popular in Los Angeles by reason of long service in stock productions, now a favorite with the throngs that nightly congregate in the theaters in the vicinity of Times Square. This week I went to see the Klaw & Erlanger "musical globe-trot," "Around the Map," at the New Amsterdam. When the curtain had been up only a few minutes a tall, pleasant-faced man appeared upon the stage, and took almost complete possession of the performance, his ownership being disputed only by a certain young woman of whom I shall speak later. There was something about this man that was distinctly familiar, and before consulting the program I tried to place him. He had a cheerful smile, not only facial, but pervading his entire personality, and beaming in his actions. At length, I decided that the memory was too remote to be called up without much cogitation, so I looked for his name. It was Bob Pitkin. The piece has no star, but he comes near to being one all the same. Thirteen years ago, Pitkin was a member of the Olympic Opera Company, of which the scintillating feature was pretty Lottie Kendall, and there are many who will recall the performances given by this troupe at the old Casino Theater near Fourth and Spring, the history of which house is just one darn thing after another. I think it never before and never again touched the high point of excellence that it did in the days of the Kendalls. Bob Pitkin was no sophomore in those days, but he looks not a day older.

Else Alder is the young woman who prevents Pitkin from making the show his personal property, and assists him in making it something more than a commonplace hodge-podge. The program states that she is from the Johann Strauss Theater, Vienna, and is now appearing for the first time in an English part. She has the antediluvian role of a feminine exposition of the fact that clothes make all the difference in the world. But this fraulein has a sense of comedy, and therefore does not descend to the level of a mere stage mannikin. She is due for the highest of stellar honors, as soon as one of the bright young men who rewrite European operettas for American consumption consents to leave enough meat in one of them to make it worth while for Miss Alder to exert her genius.

Aside from these two principles, "Around the Map" is a riot, a tempest, a typhoon, a cataclysm, a cosmic upheaval in color and design. Joseph Urban, who is now the last word in scenic invention on the commercial stage, has drawn forth his trusty paint brush, and smitten the public in the face with such an array of colors that previously had only a distant bowing acquaintance, that the eyes gasp. Torrents of chromatic emotion flow from the stage upon the audience in twelve scenes, no two alike in any one respect. Scarcely secondary in ocular diablerie are the costumes, when there are any worth mentioning. Miss Alder has one gown for each of the twelve scenes, and if a dizzy memory is not playing tricks, two and even three from certain of the more prolonged periods. I doubt if she has fewer than eighteen changes of costume. The chorus is almost as busy.

It was with a strong young man from Texas that I witnessed this jamboree, and as we passed out of the theater we were silent. I supposed his reason was the same as mine—an endeavor to recover from the daze. Not so. As we passed into the lobby he saw a sign, announcing that the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic could be reached by the elevator. He took me by the arm and dragged me into the lift. What splendid specimens of manhood these Texans are. There is no limit to their endurance. I was too weak to resist, and he carried me to a table near the floor where it was advertised the "24 most beautiful women in the world" would appear. When the Frolic began I wished devoutly that my eyes were not so tired.

* * *

Speaking of the high achievements of American theatrical art, I have just encountered the following comment: "The chief reason for the hold of the plays from America over London theatergoers at this moment," says the London Daily Mail, "is that the war has simplified popular emotions, and that the American playwrights are a simple people. We mean that they get their effects in the most direct way. Their detective plays are genuine 'thrillers.' Their comedies are a bustle of activity and high spirits. When they are sentimental there is no mistaking it; the appeal is as frank and naive as anything could be. And when they are humorous their touch is equally sure and exhilarating. There is not much thought and nothing 'educational' in their plays; but there is a movement and kindness and 'go' about them that exactly meets the mood of wartime. The war has brought us down to the elemental things, and the theater, like every other institution, must respond to the change."

What ho, Messrs. Thomas, Broadhurst, Manners, Walter, Selwyn, Belasco, Veiller,—how like you to be dubbed by these Britishers "simple people?"

* * *

In the list of Los Angeles folk I have seen recently in New York, somehow I forgot to mention one of the most charming of all—Miss Maude Newell—a young woman who, herself an active participant in the gaieties of society, gave dancing lessons to the fashionables who desired to master the intricacies of the modern gyrations, until last summer. Miss Newell was not satisfied to consider the dance merely as a social diversion, and has taken it up as a serious art study, though not entirely neglecting its function among gregarious creatures. In short, she is attending Columbia University in a double capacity—as a member of the faculty, in which she is assistant in the department of the dance, and as a student in the various courses related to this art. Color and pageantry are two branches of study which are receiving a great deal of attention from the most conservative universities nowadays. In connection with the latter Miss Newell imparted a bit of information which I believe

has not yet been widely disseminated. At Yale, this year, there will be a tremendous pageant, in which several thousand persons will participate, to be given in the huge Yale Bowl. It will be an exposition of the history of Yale, beginning with the fourteenth century in Wales, when the Yale family name first became known to history, and concluding with the execution of Nathan Hale. Miss Newell herself will participate in a masque in celebration of the Shakespearean somethingtens next spring. This will be given in one of the New York parks, probably, although at present the park department seems averse to permitting the sacredly guarded spots from being used for any purpose that might savor of the intellectual.

* * *

Strange how political emotions come and go! A few months ago, my friend in Tammany Hall said: "Well, I suppose we shall have to stand for another four years of Wilson." This week he said: "Roosevelt will be the next President." He is opposed to both, being a Clark man. Both statements were predicated upon the belief that Wilson will seek and obtain the Democratic nomination, but the first was made when he believed Wilson could defeat any opponent any party could name, the second when he believed that any opponent any party could name would beat Wilson. The Mexican atrocities have had a tremendous effect upon eastern sentiment. People who believed Wilson justified in refusing to recognize Huerta, now regard this as a monumental blunder, upon the ground that the Diaz and Huerta idea is the only one that can succeed permanently in Mexico for generations to come. In other words, to quote my Tammany observer, "It is of no interest to us how the man who rules Mexico gets the job; the only thing we care is that he can hold it—and rule. Madero and Carranza adopted the righteous pose, yet were entirely willing to use men like Villa. Huerta was honest about his methods, and with our beautiful American hypocrisy we adopt Madero and Carranza as heroes, and Huerta, who had the courage of his convictions, we practically dethrone. Is Carranza, who, after letting Villa do his dirty work, disowned him and refused to give him a share of the spoils, any better than Huerta, who did his own dirty work? And the people of this country are going to regard Carranza as a Wilson man, out and out, and blame the President for everything wrong that happens in Mexico under his administration."

"It may look a little queer for a Democrat to anticipate with joy the overturn of a Democratic administration, but so far as we real Democrats are concerned" (I still quote my friend from Tammany Hall) "there might as well have been a Republican or Bull Moose administration for the last four years. In 1912 Wilson and all his helpers were careful to pat Tammany on the back, and ever since then they have been busy stabbing her in the back. We are good enough to vote for Wilson, but not good enough to be hired by him. Take this New York postoffice appointment. If Morgan is removed, it must be regarded as a political move, for everyone knows Morgan has been an efficient manager of this tremendous institution. If it is a political move, should not the politicians who swung New York state for the administration, receive the benefit? Most assuredly. Well—we won't. Some goody-goody boy will get the job—and Mr. Wilson will lose New York state and be defeated next fall. Mind you, when I say 'Mr. Wilson' I don't mean that the President knows about all this, or pays any attention to it. He may be a great statesman, but he has surrounded himself with a cabinet that for sheer pinheadedness and smallness of caliber beats anything in the history of the nation. Is there a man in the whole lot that you can recall excepting for the cartoons poking fun at them? Lansing—yes. A lucky find and no credit to the administration for finding him." [Dispatches announce the appointment by the President of Joseph Johnson, Jr., to the New York postoffice, over the stern disapproval of Oswald Garrison Villard, the New York Tribune and other reform press. Tammany is correspondingly delighted. It is a political choice and Mayor Mitchel is particularly incensed.—Editor The Graphic.]

He raved on and on. I don't know much about politics. Maybe most of this is old stuff and maybe not. All I know is that Tammany is riled, and if the renomination of Mr. Wilson is closely contested, there will be a hot time at the convention; and if the election so turns that he needs New York state, he is a goner. Of that I am positively assured.

New York, January 24, 1915.

Outside

Outside your window
in the street
I pass.

The square-cut panes of glass
protect you from the rain and sleet
and me,
who pass
with weary lagging feet.

Your lamplight
sends broad, yellow bands across the
night;
but, they are not for me.

From a Persian tabouret,
smoke rings of your cigaret
lift and drift
in blue-green swirls,
and gray-blue whirls
about your head, bent low
above the Sporting Sheet.

As on I go
my heart cries in the cold,
"Ah, just to be
the Evening Journal that you hold!"
—PAULINE B. BARRINGTON

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

WHILE you in Los Angeles have already doubled your normal rainfall to date and in due season will rejoice over your recent discomfiture, we in San Francisco have had nearly five inches more than you and are growing rather weary of the daily downpour, for with two exceptions it has rained here every day this year.

* * *

As the result of a week's rapid and skillful organization on the part of Justice Max C. Sloss, chairman of the general committee, the mass meeting Wednesday night at the Exposition Auditorium to raise funds for the stricken Jewish people in the Eastern war zones promises to be one of the most remarkable in the history of the city. On the various committees are men and women of every religious faith and political opinion, while Archbishop Hanna has issued a special plea, urging his clergy to cooperate in the good work. The auditorium seats 8,000 people, and a crowd of not less than 10,000 is expected. The finance committee has set the mark of \$250,000 as the result of Wednesday's and Thursday's activities.

* * *

Meanwhile, charity continues to be the inspiration of the principal events in society's midwinter program. A big entertainment is being arranged for next week on behalf of the blinded soldiers of the allies, music, dancing, cards and supper being among the attractions provided. Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Reginald Brooke of London have charge of the arrangements.

* * *

Clubwomen held memorial services in honor of the late Mrs. Lovell White Tuesday afternoon at the California Club of which she was the beloved president emeritus. All of the local women's clubs were represented. George Wharton James was selected to deliver the eulogy, Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor recited an original poem and John P. Irish made an eloquent address.

* * *

Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur's installation as president of Stanford University was an exceedingly popular event with the alumni of which he is a member. From the tone of President Wilbur's inaugural address it is surmised that his administration will be at once democratic and progressive, "Stanford," he declared, "to be a real university must keep an atmosphere favorable to research, to new ideas, to thinkers of all sorts. Merely to retail book knowledge to successive groups of students would be a sorry life for a real university man. There can be no place for the mentally stagnant; no place for those who fail to grow each year. The university must be untrammelled in its right to rid itself of the incompetent and indolent among its students and the ineffectives and mediocrities in its faculty. It cannot hope to lead, to inspire, if it is weighed down by such burdens. Indefinite or life terms for professors are meant to give security and scope for wide training, not for providing an easy and permanent resting place for those who once arrive.... I must, with the help of my associates, protect the future students of Stanford and try to see that they come in contact with real men and real minds." Dr. Wilbur made a new precedent by appearing at the inauguration ceremonies without the accustomed cap and gown, but in ordinary unprofessional raiment. The occasion was rendered thoroughly down-to-date by the new president's delivering a ten-minute extract from his inaugural address over the long distance telephone to a hundred Stanford alumni in New York.

* * *

Miss Clotilde Grunsky is the author of a remarkable article in the California Alumni Fortnightly in which she protests that a college education does nothing to fit a woman to become a wife or mother. Miss Grunsky produces statistics to show that while the population at large after ten years of marriage produces a rate of 2.7 children, there is less than one, or .73, child to the college graduate. "The great lack, as expressed by 70 per cent of the women who had become mothers, wives and housekeepers, was that they felt, since assuming their mature obligations, that the college had in no practical sense fitted them for their work as wife, mother or homemaker." Miss Grunsky predicts that the day will undoubtedly come when the college will make compulsory a course in parenthood and household management. However, she is sanguine in concluding that the real mission of the college toward the motherhood of the country is to make finer women, and that "the better mothers will take care of themselves."

* * *

Introduction of an artificial ice skating rink in one of the big restaurants and the exploits of professional skaters have proved an extraordinarily popular innovation. The formation of three companies to build ice skating rinks was announced last week. It is probable that within a short time the skating craze will add considerably to the incomes of the bonesetters.

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By a vote of nearly two to one the San Francisco Labor Council has disapproved the proposal of the Los Angeles Building Trades Council, submitted to the state federation, to reorganize a union labor political party. Political action was opposed as dangerous to the trade union movement.

* * *

In the death of Edward L. Lomax, passenger traffic manager of the Western Pacific, railroad circles have lost one of their most familiar and best loved figures. He had been in active railroad service for nearly half a century, and was a recognized authority on agriculture and crops in the west.

San Francisco, January 26.

The River of Thought

More beautiful than dreams a young god knows
Is that bright stream of thought which flows
Within my soul, reflecting thee;
Oh, not through any virtue I possess
But through thy radiant loveliness,
Transmuting and transfiguring me!
—CHARLES G. BLANDEN

Public Utilities and Private Investment - III. By The Editor

NOT long ago the California State Railroad Commission, an excellent body, by the way, called attention to the fact that it had, within a given time, authorized the issuance of upward of \$400,000,000 of bonded indebtedness for quasi public-utility purposes in California. This, apparently, was a direct refutation of the charge that adverse legislation in the state had so discouraged private capital that little or none was being invested in new enterprises. Yet analysis of the vast amount of securities approved by the state commission will show that of this nearly half a billion of bonds only a small portion has gone into new construction. All the rest was, practically, a re-financing of established indebtedness, a reissuance of notes or a refunding of other bonds. This being true the thoughtful person is impelled to the belief that official California is still reflecting the popular prejudice against corporate capital that has resulted in almost a complete withholding of outside money from investment in California of recent years.

It is only fair to say that, in the main, the rulings of the state railroad commission have not conduced to this lack of confidence. We believe the intent of the commission is to be eminently fair to the vested interests although, occasionally, as in the case of its decision in regard to the abandoned Temecula-Escondido branch of the Santa Fe railway, one's faith in the sound rulings of the commission receives a staggering blow. As will be recalled, the Santa Fe's main line to San Diego was wont to run through Temecula to Escondido, but the repeated washouts, year after year, necessitating enormous expense for rehabilitating the road, caused the management to seek a more feasible route, resulting in abandonment of a portion of the old right-of-way. It was in response to the repeated protests of settlers along the disused line of railway that the state commission rendered its arbitrary decision. That it will be appealed by the road is a fair assumption; after sinking hundreds of thousands of dollars in what proved to be a disastrous undertaking it would seem that no court of equity would compel the Santa Fe to make further sacrifices in kind.

On this point the recent address of Interstate Commerce Commissioner C. A. Prouty, before the Pan-American Scientific Congress at Washington, offers much food for thought. The able director of the division of valuation remarks: "No law can force private capital into investment in a public utility." Where an arbitrary ruling, as in the Temecula case, is subversive of expert opinion, based on costly experience, it is doubtful if the dissenting railroad can be compelled to apply its funds in the manner demanded. Supposing it were to yield and a recurrence of past unhappy experiences were to ensue, it is incredible that the road would be obligated to pour in still more good money in attempting repairs. To do so might be at the expense of other portions of its right-of-way, hence to the impairment of its general service. To quote Mr. Prouty: "This is the point at which regulation will break down, if at all. Can private capital be induced, under the treatment which is accorded that capital by the regulating body, to invest?"

There is no doubt that private capital now invested in public utilities will continue to protect itself by obeying orders, until the latter become unbearably harsh and prohibitive or the credit of the company is exhausted. But how unwise the rulings that will create such a condition? We are ready to agree with Mr. Prouty that in determining the measure of success which has attended government regulation of public utilities to date, the object aimed at is the good of the public. But here in Los Angeles the local government has taken a peculiar attitude. Not content with a highly gratifying state of affairs, wrought by private efficiency, supplemented by state regulation, the aim seems to be to ignore the excellent service of the three large lighting utility companies and by a duplication of equipment so disturb the status quo as to attempt to take over the business that years of assiduous attention to details and public wishes have fostered. That the outcome, in case the city's arbitrary course is persisted in, will not stand the test of success is a fair assumption, since on the one hand we have men in charge, of the highest standard of efficiency, as against politicians and theoretical or academic electricians. But there is another feature of this reprehensible misuse of public funds to be considered and we can do no better than to quote a recent ruling of the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission in a regulated monopoly in that state:

Declining to approve a contract between the borough of Phoenixville and the Phoenix Water Company for a competitive supply of electric light and power the commission states that the competition theory in the operation of public utility enterprises has long since been exploded. It continues: "It is obvious that the duplication of plant and service is an economic waste in most cases, because the consumptive power of a community has limitations as to quantity, and it ordinarily cannot be greatly stimulated. The interest upon the capital thus unwisely invested in the unnecessary plant and the additional operating expenses are an added burden upon the community served that can be borne only by an increase pro rata in the rates to the consumer. If it can be shown that a latent demand of large proportions exists and cannot be supplied by any existing utility company for any satisfactory reason or, if an existing plant has become obsolescent and cannot be modernized, or if for some reason the quality or quantity of the service rendered can be greatly improved or cost of production and rates to consumers greatly decreased, the commission should give careful consideration to evidence in support of the demand for rival or supplementary facilities

and endeavor to provide relief, but it must never be forgotten too, that it is expedient to conserve utility investments in the interest of the consumer."

On only one count can the proposed municipalized lighting project be warranted and that is on the question of low cost of production and greatly decreased rates to consumers. Let us see wherein the first half of the tentative premise holds promise: When the city electrical engineer began to estimate cost of duplication of private plants copper was selling in the market at about fourteen or fifteen cents. It is now twenty-four or twenty-five cents. In like ratio line wire and transformers in which copper enters have increased in cost and lamp prices are correspondingly higher. Poles to carry equipment will have to be taller than those now in use by the private companies, hence more expensive. And while on the subject of poles how will the people enjoy a reversion to conditions of ten or twelve years ago when corners in otherwise sightly residence districts were disfigured by the presence of seven or eight poles? It is also a question if a low cost of production can be attained by inefficient methods. At Saugus, for example, have lain for three years many barrels of oil purchased for use in the transformer. Why this investment so long in advance of actual needs? Not that way do well-conducted, efficient plants keep down the cost of production.

This brings us to "greatly decreased rates to consumers." In estimating the cost of production the engineer of the proposed municipal lighting plant has figured on a basic rate of five cents. With the largely increased cost price of material entering into the equipment of a distributing system it is doubtful if the service can be rendered at five cents, but even if it can be done, it is equally certain that the private companies with their much better disciplined forces and expert electrical engineers can do as well. Yet the people are to be burdened with a tremendous initial cost in order to get what is as easy of attainment without one dollar of added bonded indebtedness. Here then, we find precisely those conditions outlined by the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission as inimical to the public interest and to be avoided.

Less than one thousand miles of new railroad was constructed in the United States in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, and thus far since that date the record shows even a smaller percentage. Not in more than half a century has the new mileage been so meager. There is a reason for it. Reluctance of private capital to invest in a field where the returns are so uninviting accounts for the curtailed road building. With nearly one-sixth of the total mileage and capitalization of the railroads of the country in the hands of receivers at the close of 1915, is it astonishing that so small an outlay for additional trackage was expended in the period noted? It is, doubtless, true that the Pacific coast export trade is suffering from inadequate transportation facilities, but why should capital be keen to embark on the troubled seas which adverse legislation have created? As to the electrical roads in the state, we have heard no less an authority than President Paul Shoup of the Pacific Electric Railway declare that not one of the lines has paid dividends in recent years, yet in a number of cities the political reluctance of city officials to curb the unregulated and irresponsible jitney has brought additional trouble to the common carriers. They also must pay five and a quarter per cent of their gross earnings to the state, an average of two per cent gross earnings to municipalities, and with the great expense of track repairing, maintenance of streets and taxes, together with their heavy payrolls, it is plain that the investment in this form of public utility has not proved very profitable.

What a marked difference it would make to the average retail grocer, butcher, or other small tradesman, if the three local electrical companies whose business is now menaced by the promised municipal duplication system should be compelled to go out of business or even greatly curtail their expenditures in Los Angeles. They employ in the neighborhood of 2500 men in this city alone, which means that upward of 15,000 persons are dependent on their earnings. The payrolls in Los Angeles—excluding all outside expense—will run close to \$2,500,000 annually, while the annual purchases of the companies in this city for materials, supplies and the like, cannot be far from \$4,000,000. Thirteen hundred firms and individuals share in this distribution of funds. From this brief statement an idea may be gained of the interrelation of the companies to the general welfare of the city. To gain a possible fraction of reduction in the lighting rate—which is by no means assured—the entire local economic situation is to be disrupted and all to satisfy the whims and fallacies of a few politicians by no means unselfishly inclined. It would be a colossal joke were it not fraught with such serious results to so many innocent persons.

In a dispatch to the Los Angeles Express a few evenings ago, under a Chicago date line, it was announced that Samuel Insull, president of the Commonwealth Edison Company, in addressing the Western Society of Engineers, advocated consolidation in the manufacture of electricity as a means of effecting a tremendous saving to consumers. He stated that it there could be brought about a national concentration of all electric companies, the gain to the nation would be \$12,000,000,000 annually. By way of illustration he instanced the fact that London with sixty-nine producing companies, compels consumers to pay two and a half times as much for electricity as the people of Chicago pay. Concentration of electricity manufacture in Chicago is the explanation. Central power plants

save duplication of investment; they mean conservation of capital and more money saved the nation, was Mr. Insull's summing up.

All of this is eminently true. Yet here in Los Angeles it is proposed to go directly contrary to the advice of the Chicago expert. Instead of accepting his dictum that consolidation in the manufacture means economic saving the city of Los Angeles is planning a course directly opposite. By declining to confine its efforts to the production of electricity, letting the established systems buy its output in the mass and retail it to consumers under state regulation, the plan is to duplicate the systems already in the field and by wasteful practices dissipate the margin of profit that by efficient management accrues to the three companies now dividing the territory. It is a proposal that every thinking taxpayer should hasten to repudiate since the effort to establish a fourth and wholly unnecessary system is bound to prove an expensive project adding materially to the tax burden of the city.

Instead of pursuing the unwise and harrowing course proposed the municipality should emulate the plan adopted by the federal government and practised with such excellent results in the southern states. By the union of public and private enterprise in the development of the hydro-electric resources of government streams in that region, where federal funds and reserved control have joined with private parties and aggressive enterprise in clearing waterways for year-round navigation by the erection of dams and locks, vast benefits to the community served have resulted. Utilization of the force of the streams in the generation of electric power has by this quasi-partnership been made possible. The private corporation working amicably with the government, intent on aiding navigation, has been able to relieve the federal power of the details of distribution management—which so often has proved an expensive experiment—while the private corporation gets its power at a fixed price. In other words, the government, husbanding its resources, wholesales them to private enterprise, under conditions which are fair and remunerative to both. The business ability of the government, which has not been reflected in other experiments, is thus confined within the limits of those operations of a wholesale nature, in which alone it appears to have been as successful as private endeavor, and in which it does not unfairly invade the field of private rights.

What the federal government has been doing in this respect, Georgia has also done successfully in another direction. That state constructed many years ago a railroad across half the length of its boundaries and into the territory of another state. It owns the rights of way, the roadbed and rails and the intermediate stations and the terminals. These it leases at public bid, for a period of years, to a private railroad corporation under certain restrictions as to maintenance and operation, and as to passenger and freight tariffs. The rolling stock and like equipment are owned by the private corporation. The experiment has worked out successfully, and has proved a most profitable one for the state, and this in spite of the too frequent interference of the turbulent politics of that turbulent community.

We can conceive that what has resulted profitably for the federal government, and for a state government, might prove equally so for a municipality. It offers a solution for much of the present friction between the exercise of governmental powers and the operation of private enterprise. Los Angeles can well afford to emulate both the federal government and the state of Georgia in refraining from indulging in what is sure to prove an unprofitable enterprise, costly to the taxpayers and embarrassing to the private companies having so much at stake. What it means to the city in general to cripple the three electrical concerns now doing business here we have tried to show. Cooperation is not a crime but a bounden duty, as public service commissions here on the coast as well as in the east are on record as affirming. The wild swinging of the pendulum, from the impulse given it in opposition to ruthless monopolistic oppression, is as repugnant to the sober and honest-minded socialist as were the conditions against which he formerly inveighed so clamorously.

Temperance in government is fully as essential to the welfare of a people as in other phases of their existence. The thoughtful progressive has ever halted short of government control, which means confiscation and destruction of private enterprise, and "due process of law" in the federal Constitution must ever mean to the truly patriotic citizen, a just and honorable exercise of that judicial power. The rule that a man may pursue his course in life, and in the business of life, as he thinks best so long and to such extent as it does not interfere with the equal rights of others, should for the greater reason apply to governments, for of the several functions which governments have to perform, by no conception can the least be held to be that of fixing and adhering to the standards of right dealing. There should not be one code for the individual, and another for that same individual in combination with other like individuals in the form of a government. Fair play is a jewel and in playing fair with the vested interests here the consumers, the taxpayers, will get similar desirable treatment. The politician who attempts sharp practice of the nature contemplated in the duplication of plants and paralleling of systems is riding for a hard fall.

"On a few occasions," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "I have received messages from the beyond." Is that why her verse always "has a message?"

With the Modern Poets

By Marguerite Wilkinson

Poetry and Happiness

IF we Americans as a people need any one thing in life more than another it is the ability to find happiness in simple things. We erroneously think that we must be elaborate and expensive in order to find enjoyment in our every day existence. The fact is so well known that it is trite to write about it. Only the daring and original few can find the plain pathways to gladness through the wilderness of responsibility and sorrow. And yet there are many joys, for those who seek them, that cost little, that can make over "the man with the hoe" into "the singing man." And one of these is poetry.

Ten years ago practical people would have yawned their incredulity at such a statement. Ten years ago most Americans thought that poetry was something difficult and abstruse, that they would have to take off their coats and collars and turn up their shirt sleeves, figuratively speaking, before they could get it—that they would have to wrestle long and earnestly with dictionaries and delve into occult meanings before they could enjoy it. And others were afraid of confessing a native liking for poetry lest acquaintances sneer at them as at sentimentalists.

There were several reasons for this state of affairs. The high tide of Victorian genius had ebbed away, leaving only a few imitative poets who achieved the faults but not the greatness of the Victorian school. Their verse was not true to their times nor to the spiritual vitality of the people who were to read it. It was affected and derivative, full of mannerisms. None of the leaders of the present great poetry revival had yet achieved fame.

Then, too, poetry has been taught in schools as philosophy or as grammar or rhetoric rather more than it has been offered as art. And nothing tends to create a dislike for poetry more rapidly than making hard work of it for little children. All normal children have a certain capacity for the enjoyment of poetry, if it is not spoiled by the blurring and disenchanting methods of grown up people. The rhythms of language are very closely associated with the rhythms of dances and games. And the vivid naming of familiar things is one of the imaginative amusements of very little children. And as Max Eastman shows, in his "Enjoyment of Poetry" this is a very important part of the making of good poems.

If this joy of rhythm and this delight in original expression were only allowed to grow, and not hindered by false education, puritanical repression and fear of beauty, or by the fear of ridicule, it would enable men to extend the little pathways and widen them into an avenue to joy, on which mankind, marching together, would achieve, in the next generation a greater spiritual dominion.

Does anyone ask how poetry can give happiness? It can be the voice of the dumb and the sight of the blind, and the adventure of the stay-at-home. It can be the music of those who never hear and the achievement of those to whom fate is unkind. It can be the thing longed for and never realized, the glory of forest and field, the throbbing humanity of large cities, the wonder of palpitant spiritual experience in all places and all times. But it can only be all this for those who come with something of a child's simplicity, eager to find and feel melody and truth. For poetry is a sharing of life.

John Masefield, sailor of the seas and singer of the seas, poet of the great ships that move gallantly across turbulent oceans and of the passions and dreams that ride in the rough deeps of men's hearts, is with us for a little while in these United States. Fifteen years or more ago he was with us as one of the great unknown multitude who are sometimes really hungry and cold and without shelter. Today, he is honored by our universities and showered with attentions by the great folk of the land. There are many Americans who love his poetry better than any poetry written by other contemporary English poets. And to say that he is a great popular poet is not to imply anything derogatory to his genius. Often, a poet cannot be popular without an artistic compromise. John Masefield's poetry is popular in the best sense and without capitulation. It is popular because he knows people—many kinds of people—and is able to infuse into his poems the vigor and manliness, the tenderness and courage which he must have in his own heart, and which he has found in the multitude "hemmed in by the spears."

William Stanley Braithwaite has written a most interesting account of Mr. Masefield's life in the Boston Transcript, in which he calls him "The New Chaucer." The title is apt and well chosen. Mr. Masefield is a great story teller as well as a great poet, and his stories are not simply realism—they are instinct with reality. His strange, romantic, roving life, has probably contributed as much as his temperament to his ability to tell a tale. In looking at the fine, sensitive face that the magazines are showing in sketches and photographs, we are not surprised that a wealth of actual incident and information has been transmuted by the poet into a wealth of spiritual experience.

Mr. Braithwaite tells how John Masefield was wont to play hookey as a boy, how his family were perturbed in spirit by his errant instinct, how he was indentured to a sea captain when only fourteen years of age, and passed a number of years in "the old square riggers" sailing on most of the world's navigable seas. Then he goes on to tell of Mr. Masefield's delightful friendship with Yeats, in Devonshire, where the two poets amused themselves, "loafing and talking" and making and sailing paper boats (like small boys!) on the country streams. And, finally, Mr. Braithwaite tells of the achievements of which all poetry lovers know.

The New York Independent for January 10 prints four of Mr. Masefield's best short poems—the well known "Consecration," in which Mr. Masefield dedi-

cates his stories and songs to "the maimed and the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold" and to the children of misfortune everywhere,—"Tewkesbury Road," "C. L. M." and "Prayer." We take great pleasure in quoting "Prayer:"

When the last sea is sailed, when the last shallow's charted,
When the last field is reaped and the last harvest stored,
When the last fire is out and the last guest departed,
Grant the last prayer that I shall pray, be good to me,
O Lord.

And let me pass in a night at sea, a night of storm and thunder,
In the loud crying of the wind through sail and rope and spar,
Send me a ninth great, peaceful wave, to drown and roll me under
To the cold tunny-fish's home where the drowned galleons are.

And, in the dim, green quiet place, far out of sight and hearing,
Grant I may hear at whiles the wash and thresh of the sea foam
About the fine keen bows of the stately clippers steering
Toward the lone Northern star and the fair ports of home.

Another poem of Mr. Masefield's which is justly popular and worthy of quotation is his "Cargoes." No imagist could more wonderfully picture and suggest three great periods in the history of commerce:

Quinquere of Nineveh, from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory and apes and peacocks,
Cedarwood, sandalwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon, riding from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the tropics, by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds, emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal, road-rails, pig-lead,
Fire wood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

We wish that the lectures Mr. Masefield is giving in the East and the middle West might also be given on the coast.

By the way, the New York Independent is a magazine that has always maintained a policy of courtesy toward poets and sympathy with contemporary poetic achievement. Dr. William Hayes Ward, for many years its distinguished editor, was the "discoverer" of Sidney Lanier and wrote the biographical sketch of Lanier which is included in collections of poems by the great Southerner. Dr. Ward was most unselfish and prodigal of time, always, in advising and teaching young contributors in whom he was interested. He was a keen and kindly and helpful critic. The present editor, Mr. Hamilton Holt, is a man of broad, progressive, modern ideas, and is making the magazine a vehicle for the expression of modern ideals in social and civic life. Mr. Holt says that there are four great questions which this age should try to answer: the race question, the woman question, the peace or war question, and the religious question. He believes that writers should help the people to find the answers. He is true to the traditions of the Independent and publishes good contemporary verse in its columns.

From San Francisco there has come to me an attractive little book called "The Evanescent City," published by A. M. Robertson. "The Evanescent City" is a poem by George Sterling, whose work is too well known in California to need much comment, and it is illustrated with nine pictures made from photographs by Francis Grugiere. The book has a cover "in color after the painting by Will Sparks." The theme, as one might guess, is the passing of the great exposition city and the verse is much better than most verse made "for occasions."

And even thus our city of a year
Must pass like those the shafted sunsets build,
Fleeting as all fair things, and, fleeting, dear—
A rainbow fallen and an anthem stilled.

Newark, New Jersey, invites poets—humorous—serious—satiric—to write poems on the two-hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding, in competition for several large cash prizes. All poems submitted are to become the property of the committee of one hundred people who have charge of the contest. Poets may submit as many poems as they wish, but are not eligible for more than one prize each—which seems reasonable. A first prize of two hundred and fifty dollars would be worth trying for, and even a tenth prize of fifty dollars would buy crusts and pay the rent of an attic for an impecunious devotee of the muse. What the results of the contest will be, however, depends to a large degree on the judgment and knowledge of those who act as judges. Such a civic poetry contest can be productive of excellent artistic results and help to create a very real interest in good verse and verse makers, if those who have charge of it are fairly competent critics. If they are not, the contest may be just one more artistic hoax, one more puzzle for the laity.

The two prizes of fifty dollars each, offered by an anonymous donor, through the Trimmed Lamp, have been awarded to Helen Hoyt and Margaret Widdemer. Miss Widdemer has been mentioned frequently in this department. Miss Helen Hoyt, of Appleton, Wisconsin, has not yet published her first volume of verse, but is well known to magazine readers. Her work has been published in Poetry, Others, the Masses, the New York Independent, and elsewhere. Her lyric which won the prize in the Trimmed Lamp contest was written in free verse, and we hope to be able to reprint it in an early issue of this department. A number of honorable mentions were awarded to other contestants. John Gould Fletcher, Constance Lindsay Skinner and others were complimented in this way.

Certain of the laity seem to be making a naive

mental association of free verse with free—or even lax—living. Just how this has come about we do not know. But certain it is that some people think a poet's morals are all right if he writes metrical stanzas and that they must be all wrong—or at any rate part wrong—if he writes in unrhymed cadence. To the craftsman it is quite inconceivable that such issues as craftsmanship and morals should be confused. His personal ethics may be more or less subtly connected with what he says, but his way of saying it is the result of his artistic credo, his taste and discretion in the use of words, his sense of form and pattern. There is no logical reason for supposing that a maker of poems in unrhymed cadence is a reprehensible person, and the maker of classic stanzas a perfervid archangel simply because of the forms preferred for poetic expression. Doubtless, there are saints and sinners in both groups.

Jeanette L. Gilder, in the Chicago Tribune, tells a good story about a conversation between Robert Louis Stevenson, and Dr. Trudeau of the famous tuberculosis sanitarium in the Adirondacks. The story is told in Stevenson's words: "Do you know," Dr. Trudeau said, when we shook hands, "writing verses is something beyond my comprehension. I understand poetry, but not how one can write it. My case is like that of Zeb Robare, a guide over at Paul's. He was asked by some ladies he was rowing the name of a certain mountain up here. 'That's Ampersan,' said Zeb. But guide how do you spell it?' 'Ah,' said Zeb, 'that's the hell of it, ma'am, I can climb it easy enough, but I couldn't spell it to save my life!' That's how I feel about poetry."

In Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co. have just prepared a new edition of "Golden Poems," an anthology of verse collected by Francis Fisher Browne and first published about thirty years ago. And G. P. Putnam's Sons have recently published "The Every Day Life of Abraham Lincoln" by the same writer. This news should be interesting to Californians for part of the making of this latter volume was done on the coast and occupied Mr. Browne during his stay in Santa Barbara, where he died in 1913. Mr. Browne was well known in literary circles as the editor and founder of The Dial and as the maker of several anthologies. His "Poems of the Civil War" is a most interesting volume, not only as poetry—and there is much good poetry in it—but also as representing the passionate utterance of both the North and the South in the terrible struggle of the time. Mr. Browne was charming and debonair, a gentleman of the old school. He was a friend of John Muir, who called him "Beloved Browne." He had his Bobby Burns by rote and by heart and recited him in an inimitable fashion all his own to groups of sympathetic listeners. He was conservative in his taste and not at all sympathetic with the beginnings of what we now call contemporary poetry. But his taste was his own individual achievement and that is more than can be said for many of us.

The annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America was given January 25, and the Poetry supper, in Chicago January 23. We ought to have a poetry society and an annual poetry party on the coast.

Hearts of Women

The restless hearts of women
They wander to and fro,
Wherever ebb the seven seas
Or winds of Heaven blow;
In every nook and byway
By city or by town,
On country lane and highway
Their longings follow down.

The wayward hearts of women
So vivid and so strange,
Through all the years before them
Their fickle fancies range;
Beyond, they see the hours
For which their souls have prayed,
While at their feet the flowers
Of hopes forgotten fade.

The steadfast hearts of women
So fervent and so true,
The one, sole touch of pity
The Christ-man ever knew;
Or come or grief or sorrow
Or come or guilt or shame,
Today, or yet tomorrow
Forevermore the same.

The hungry hearts of women,
Of sweethearts, mothers, wives;
Gold threads amid the somber woof
That makes up human lives;
Still losing and o'ertaking
By glint of stars above,
In marshes of man's making
The will-o-wisp of love.

—ERNEST MCGAFFEY

It is an axiom of mathematics that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts, but in history we are frequently confronted by the attempt of a part to make itself bigger than the whole. "Civis Romanus sum," was the way this idea was expressed in the time of the Caesars. "Les etat! C'est moi," is another variant of the same notion. "World power or downfall" will seem to many a modern equivalent. But the inexorable logic of events has so far always proved the truth of the axiom.

By the Way



Lee Gates' Experience With a "Hot Pack"

After five weeks of enforced rest at the California Hospital where he has been treated for a nervous breakdown, Lee C. Gates is showing marked improvement and hopes to be back at his desk with the Title Insurance and Trust Company in another fortnight. His experiences with the "hot pack" were so excruciating that I have prevailed on Lee to dictate them to a stenographer and here they are, after being duly censored and approved by Dr. Walter Lindley. Confesses Lee:

My education is more nearly complete than it was ten days ago. I have had a "hot pack!" To those who may not know what a hot pack is I would say that, after civilization had laid its restraining hand upon some of the savageries of the Inquisition the hot pack disappeared as one of the cruelties too fierce and vicious for civilized enjoyment. But, little by little, it has been revived and is now practised by some of the fierce Bedouin tribes, the Apache Indians, and the California Hospital.

I am unaware as to the reason why the wild tribes of the desert use it, but conjecture that they conceive it to be the most effective form of terrorism yet conceived by their untutored minds and the fiercest form of revenge. But with the hospital it is different. There it is used as one of the highest and most dignified forms of the therapeutic art. If the patient is afflicted with a swagger and threatens to run away with superabundant vitality, the hot pack will reduce him to a dependent docility. If he manifests ennui or excessive fatigue, the hot pack opens his pores, stimulates cuticle exhalation and causes him to forget all but the hot pack and inspires him with new life, or a desire to die.

But if he shall come surcharged with accumulated toxins, the amassed poisons of ten or twelve years of association with law, society and theology, then indeed, the hot pack becomes the boon triumphant. One would think from the above that only in the latter case is the hot pack a success, but not so. It is always a success. No patient after the first one ever proclaims it a failure, or asks for more. But let me describe it, that you may fully grasp its merit:

Ingredients of the hot pack are hot water, hotter water, boiling water, hoiled blankets, a rubber blanket, an ice pack for the head, a gallon of ice water, a siphon, hot water, hot water bottles, a dozen or more, a close, hot room, a salamander attendant, alcohol to revive, hot blankets and hot water, and well—perhaps, a little more hot water. The patient is most conveniently handled if he is in an unconscious state. Even if conscious at the beginning, he becomes insensible toward the close, or else absolutely uncontrollable. But given a patient in full possession of his faculties please note the procedure.

The bathtub is filled with water heated to a few degrees above the boiling point. Then the patient is instructed to wrap a sheet about his otherwise unprotected form and he is hurried into the tub. A few degrees of heat is then added to the water. If he manifests signs of interest by assaulting the attendant or leaping out the window, or perching upon the chandelier, it is considered that the preliminary steps of the proceeding are successful—otherwise, more heat is applied.

Next, the parboiled victim is conducted or conveyed to the adjoining chamber where the real and substantial virtues of the hot pack are made manifest. Here is a wide couch covered with a voluminous rubber blanket, which in turn is covered with a rough woollen blanket, dry but hot, which in turn is covered by several layers of like blankets just taken from the cauldrons in which they have been boiling for hours.

Upon this scalding, steaming couch the victim (for such I shall call him henceforth) is now laid, divested of all protection, save such fortitude as Nature may have bestowed, his body extended to its full length, his arms drawn down and secured to his sides. Then, instantly, there is pressed upon him another laver (or lavers) of scalding blankets, heated many degrees beyond those upon which he reposes.

Now, all being ready, the attendant, with asbestos gloves, proceeds to lift the edges of all the lavers above and below and enfolds them upon the now terror-stricken and parboiled victim. Then, still not content, the attendant piles, high above all, the remaining bedding to be found in the room. The ice pack is adjusted to the victim's head, the siphon is given to his lips, and he proceeds to the task of perspiring an ounce or more per second, drinking an equal amount to prevent internal conflagration, and freezes his brain, meanwhile, to preserve a modicum of sanity.

"How long, oh Lord? How long?" gasps the victim, and "twenty minutes," answers the attendant. The victim begins to melt. He feels himself rapidly liquifying and gurgles, "How much longer?" to which the attendant, with a leisurely look at his watch, responds, "Only eighteen minutes."

The victim groans and begs for the siphon again. He feels the steam rise from the stream of water as it beats and finds it way along the digestive tract.

He feels that he is being consumed like the earth on that final day, with fervent heat. He knows that he is no longer solid, that he has been converted into rivulets

and rills—that he is floating in a lake and no longer reclining upon a couch. He asks again, "How long yet?" and is told, "Only fifteen minutes more."

For a few minutes he is silent, save to ask again for water and to request that the icicle formed back of his ear be broken from the ice pack and applied to that portion of him now being consumed by fire, and he knows at last that he is fricasseed.

Then he begins to beg his tormentor to shorten the time, but in vain. Then he implores him to lift the covers for a fraction of a second, that a breath of air might fan his perverted frame. Then he supplicates that he may be privileged to raise only one hand to his throat that he may breathe more like a human being than a steam engine, but to all these a deaf ear is turned.

Then he turns his thoughts inward and imagines what he may have become for by this time he knows he is no longer human. He thinks he may be a giant Roman candle or the crater of a volcano, but, finally, he settles down to the conviction that he is one of the perpetual geysers of the Yellowstone Park, and then, just as consciousness leaves him, he recognizes himself as the fountain of eternal life, or death, heated to the -nth degree.

But the twenty minutes are up. The steaming hot blankets are removed, the victim gives faint signs of life, returning animation is slowly becoming apparent and, finally, when it is certain that he can once more suffer he is again tightly wrapped in hot, dry blankets and told, as his tormentor departs, that he will return in an hour and take him out. At this time the unfortunate victim faints and Nature, kinder than man, draws her veil of pity and mercy, across his tortured face and saves him from utter insanity and total despair.

At last the hour has passed, the torturer has returned, the cooling, refreshing air of Nature has fanned the fire and torture from his frame and brow, he repossesses his senses and swearing that perdition shall not again o'ertake him, he vows and vows and vows yet again that he will lead a different life, no matter what, and rather than the Hot Pack he will accept purgatory as a preferable place of refuge forever and ever, so long as life shall last for him.

Verily, verily I say unto you, fly unto all the evils you know not of, rather than endure the Hot Pack once!

Noted Author May Join the Elect

Irving Bacheller, whose "Eben Holden," "D'ri and I," "Keeping Up with Lizzie" and other excellent novels have endeared the author to a large audience, has been in Los Angeles this week, together with Mrs. Bacheller, enjoying Southern California hospitality. At a dinner Monday night given by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Milbank at their beautiful new home out on Country Club Drive in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Bacheller, the genial writer expressed himself as so enamored of Los Angeles as to contemplate seriously an attempt to exchange his home place in Connecticut for Los Angeles property, in which notion Mrs. Bacheller, I understand, heartily concurs. They left Tuesday for the north, Mr. Bacheller having a number of lecture engagements to fill on his way to the Atlantic coast.

John Mitchell's Misfortune

When so active and brilliant a brain as that of John W. Mitchell—the Chesterfield of Los Angeles—becomes clouded there is enacted one of the cruellest of fate's tragedies and the sad news that this popular attorney and art lover had become a victim of mental affliction was a great shock to his hundreds of friends and well-wishers. That Mr. Mitchell may be restored to his former clever self by a course of treatment is their only consolation. Although his profession is the law, Mr. Mitchell is perhaps even better known in literary and artistic circles. He is the possessor of one of the finest private libraries in the state and his home at First and Vermont is a beauty spot of Los Angeles. He had done valuable work for the city as a member of the Municipal Art Commission. Particularly, will his close friend, Col. J. B. Lankershim, miss the cheering presence of his quondam valued companion and legal adviser.

Reversing a Long-Tried Position

John L. Von Blon, late city editor of the Times and popularly supposed to have been the instigator of the passionate editorial against press-agents which appeared in that paper a few short weeks ago, is now press-agent for the hotels Maryland and Huntington of Pasadena. After twelve years of constant hostility to press agents, "publicity engineers" and the like, Von is now to learn what it means to stand humbly before a city editor's desk, clasping in his hands a story and pictures which he knows, and can eloquently prove, are deserving of front page space. I understand that Manager D. M. Linnard of the hotels made a place for Von by finding another position for Miss Kate Harkness, formerly of the Examiner, who handled the Los Angeles publicity for the hotels in the early part of this season. Street rumor has it that Von's salary is several dollars a week larger than he received from the general. The Maryland-Huntington press agency has of late been an extremely involved affair. For two years it was handled with satisfaction to all concerned by S. A. Paddock of the Pasadena Star. But Paddock earned the hardly enviable reputation, last winter, of being the only press-agent who ever had the nerve to tell Harry Andrews, managing editor of the Times, to seek a warmer climate. This outburst came near causing a break in the formerly not too cordial relations between the Times and the hotels, but Mr. Linnard diplomatically handled the case by the ostensible removal of Paddock. In other words, Paddock continued to handle the other Los Angeles papers, while Linnard himself gave to the Times the frequently entertaining news matter his press agent had prepared. But such strained relations could not continue to exist forever. Too much finesse was required. This winter Paddock's activities were limited to the Pasadena papers, despite

the acknowledged excellence of his work, and first Miss Harkness and now Von Blon were engaged to deflect news to the Los Angeles sheets. Speaking of Von Blon, I am reminded that his fellow victim of the general's wrath, Burl Armstrong, was not long out of a position. I hear that the erstwhile political reporter of the Times is now holding a county job; doing important routine work in preparation for the coming elections. I am at loss to understand why Burl forsook newspaper work unless he has a hunch that the general will want him back when the campaign waxes warm. Armstrong should have had but little trouble landing on one of the other local papers. Personally, I have heard one city editor express regret that Burl did not apply to him for a position.

Much Ado Over Nothing

"Nasty nice," I think, aptly describes the mental attitude of those persons who, I am told, have been causing a considerable stir in the Los Angeles High School over the publication in the school weekly, Blue and White, of a picture of a motion picture actress whose shoulders, awful to relate, were "not even draped." There was every reason for the use of a picture of the actress, Bessie Love, since she was formerly a popular pupil at the high school and would have been graduated with this summer's class had she not chosen a career in the movies, where she was given a star part in her first picture, "The Flying Torpedo." I'll not cite the fact that the picture in question was first used in the Express as evidence of its propriety. That, in view of a tendency on Edwin's part to renounce his once definitely elucidated "high moral tone," would be no recommendation. But the photograph speaks for itself. Only unclean minds could find anything suggestive or improper about it. I hear that Miss Katherine C. Carr, who in three years has built up in the school a newspaper department that is a decided credit to her and which is getting out one of the newest school papers I have ever seen, was "called on the carpet" regarding the publication of the picture and that a proposal of establishing a censorship board at the school has been broached. If this absurd story be true the reprimand is in reality a commendation for Miss Carr. In my estimation her sub-editors showed well-developed news sense, as well as good taste, in printing the picture, an opinion in which I trust the school authorities will concur.

Shadowed the Wrong House

One day recently the Tribune asked this interesting question: "Has Mrs. Juanita Villa, who claims to be the only lawful wife of Gen. Francisco Villa, received an underground message regarding the capture of her husband and has she left the city on a rescue mission?" As one good question deserves another I wish to inquire whether or not the Tribune reporter who kept up a lonesome three-day vigil in front of 1020 Grand View avenue and then wrote the startling story of Mrs. Villa's disappearance, has yet squared accounts with whoever was responsible with sending him to that number? I ask, because at that time Mrs. Villa was living, presumably peaceably, one block beyond, at 1108 South Grand View. Truthfully, the writer reported that "All is quiet at 1020 Grand View avenue." From other newspaper workers I learn that the house at that number is unoccupied. The afternoon papers followed up the story the day of its appearance in the Tribune and, apparently, sent out better sleuths, since they soon succeeded in finding the Mexican woman at the address noted.

Perfected Talking Motion Picture

I desire to warn William Jennings Bryan that he is about to receive an awful blow from Los Angeles' inventive skill and promotion acumen. The first use to which the perfected talking motion picture machines developed by O. E. Kellum of this city and placed on the market by F. W. Blanchard and his associates, will be put will be the recording of campaign speeches of prominent speakers of both parties. This ought to mean greater efficiency and less expense in reaching the voting public, but how will it affect the revenues of professional campaigners? Kellum seems to have succeeded in producing a machine which is free of the chief defect of early endeavors in the same field, the want of synchronization which would insure absolute concurrence of the spoken word from the talking machine and the movement of the lips of the actor on the screen supposed to be speaking it. By a clever electrical device the desired effect is obtained with absolute accuracy. The invention, when improved a bit as to quality of tone, should revolutionize motion picture work. Certainly, if it only succeeded in eliminating the long passages of words which it is at times necessary to insert in the present day picture, it will have done a great service.

Polytechnic's Practical Study Course

Out at Polytechnic High School the other night, in the course of a public demonstration of school work, there was given a little advertising skit that was, perhaps, the first intimation many of the spectators had that this school affords a thorough course in that profitable profession. Pupils of the advertising department, which is under the highly efficient direction of Miss Lula Holderness, a practical publicity expert of experience, received an order for the preparation of copy, drew illustrations, sent away the completed effort to the papers, received back copies of the printed sheets, dressed a window to display the goods, and made the first sale, all in sight of the audience, an example of speed that was but little exaggerated over that which often prevails in busy advertising agencies. That the practical value of Miss Holderness' work is appreciated down-town is shown by the fact that the materials for the window dressing feature of the skit were furnished by Bullock's advertising department. I hear that Sherley Hunter of Silverwood's recently gave encouragement to the course by offering prizes for the best advertisements the pupils wrote for his house and by using several of the winning offerings, slightly changed, in different publications. The scope of Polytechnic's work to turn out real bread-earners is deserving of wide appreciation.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

WHILE "La Tosca" was the most attractive offering of the first of the week for those who hear much of operatic music, "Il Trovatore" always has its public and in its performance Monday night was greeted with the applause that has been its reward all round the world for sixty-three years. Claude Albright was given a role which enabled her better to display her vocal and histrionic powers than has been her chance in the smaller roles she has had in the earlier operas of the engagement. It is rare that a contralto has a leading role and so this one of Azucena is looked on as a test, insofar as the older operas are concerned. David Silva was another singer to be heard in a larger role and his fine baritone was decidedly effective. With Zotti, Lambardi and others in the cast, and barring certain lapses in the chorus, the performance was an excellent one and drew a good-sized house. In spite of the continuous rains the management says the audiences are larger than attended the opera last year, when more celebrated names were featured.

To the credit of the Los Angeles public, it showed discrimination in attending the "Tosca" performance in sufficient numbers to fill a large part of the house. Tuesday night, "La Tosca" is far and away beyond the "Rigoletto" and "Lucia" class of operas in harmony and orchestration and thoroughly dramatic; and from that standpoint the "Rigoletto" is a joke. The cast was a well-balanced one, with Alice Gentle as Tosca, Vogliotti as Cavaradossi, Dadone as Scarpia, Lombardi as Angelotti and Neri as the Sacristan. Miss Gentle was delightful both vocally and in action. Though not so regal in appearance as Esther Adaberto, who sang this role in the Lambardi company, she has her own features of attractiveness. Mr. Vogliotti appeared to much better advantage than in "Rigoletto." He seemed freer in tone and gesture and certain portions of his performance were more than simply well done. His voice cannot be classed as a large one, but it is used with good judgment. In the old reliable Dadone we had a Scarpia that was more brutal than usual, one who is no novice in these roles, reliable at all times, but not over polished. Olinto Lombardi carried the role of the persecuted criminal with all regard to the possibilities of the somewhat small part, and both voice and physical portrayal were delightful. As a matter of course, Conductor Guerri has his orchestra "under his thumb" so to speak, more so than the chorus. The performance was not without its own humor—in a cross-bearer at the head of the clerical procession; he wandered away from his line of march and his fellows, walked around the stage seeing the sights and finally made his exit from the entrance by which he came, with the remainder of the procession disappearing in the opposite direction.

At last, a symphonic novelty. The symphonies played at our symphony concerts for two decades now have been almost entirely of the ancient and honorable variety, largely for the reason that the orchestra has not been up to the requirements of the modern scores. But at the concert of last Saturday the work was the Sibelius symphony number one. Nor do I intend this as disrespect for the older and more conservative symphonies; for what joy there is in the works of Schumann and Dvorak—and, of course, two or three of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. It is a pleasure to take a look into modern music, even though one is assailed by all sorts of unexpected things. Reference was made in this column last week to certain Russian music as likened to caviare; if so, this work of the Finnish composer must pose as the same delicacy diluted with fifty per cent of the reddest sort of red pepper. I once knew of a doctor who had added to every prescription he wrote a bit of capscicum, on general principles. Sibelius does not stop with a small quantity. Wagner is mild when compared to his orchestration and his episodic treatment. While he is a master of orchestration, he seems to use it not as a means but as the end; and he runs to oddities that are unknown to the

classic symphonic repertoire, such as duets for clarinet and tympani, and flute and drums.

Sibelius is a dealer in surprises. Evidently, he writes on the advice Charles Reade gave to novelists: "Keep 'em laughing, keep 'em crying, keep 'em waiting." He keeps us guessing what will occur next. Such antics in orchestration as he cuts make of Wagner a mere John the Baptist. He is a master of contrapuntal devices as well as of orchestration, but the former never obtrude upon the attention. One would think Sibelius had an opera in mind when writing the symphony, but couldn't find the text. The work is full of daring instrumental combinations and harmonic progressions that would have been hissed off the German concert platform in Wagner's day. And yet Sibelius is not ranked as among the most modern of moderns. What will we hear in the later Strauss and in Schoenberg? But all this is not to say that there is not much in the work that is delightful. It is full of pleasure for the student of orchestral effects. But it does not have the logic and the continuous dignity that one associates with symphony. It is overflowing with material—enough to make a dozen "1812" overtures and a good deal on the style of such concert overtures. It is the antipodes of the Beethoven symphony, and Mozart or Haydn symphonies are mere children's whistles compared to it.

Mr. Tandler enjoys this paprika sort of music and seemed well at home in its direction and the orchestra deserves credit for its performance. But even more does it deserve credit for an opposite effect and that was the subordination of its tonal qualities in the Lalo "Spanish Symphony" for violin, the solo by Sigmund Beel. Mr. Beel is an ideal concert master and this performance proved again his unusual solo powers. He played with certainty and a broad tone that went well with his technical fluency. If he did not reach the acme of fiery warmth of style, that, possibly, must be laid to the continual orchestral routine. And as was said above, the accompaniment to his work was subordinated to the solo in most delightful proportions.

After being marooned in Redlands for two or three days, Tilly Koenen finally managed to give her postponed concerts in and near Los Angeles, last week, the Tuesday night recital in the Philharmonic course being given at Trinity Auditorium Friday night. Because of this postponement her audience was not of the usual Philharmonic proportions. Her program was given in German, Italian, Dutch and English. I have no criterion as to the Dutch, but the English was of the Dutch variety and a high school professor of German tells me the German was of the same. In preface to the Dutch songs, which I believe the artist sang here at a previous recital several years ago, she recited an English translation, which, evidently, was quite entertaining to those who were near enough to hear it, as her quaint English was a novelty in itself. Miss Koenen has a full, rich contralto of large range and pleasing quality. She sings with intensity at times and again with piquancy, where the text demands such expression. From a musical standpoint, the best work was in the Strauss and other German lieder. Admitting that a contralto, because of the ordinarily somber quality of tone, does not interest the general public so much as a soprano, the large range of Miss Koenen and the mezzo-soprano quality, which her upper notes carry, still enable her to hold her audience in closest attention and call out the usual prima donna applause.

Two of Adolph Tandler's own compositions will form a feature of the next popular concert program to be given by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, February 12. "The Prohibited Music," a dance in consecutive fifths, and "Vision of Nymphs" will be used as representative of the local composer. In writing the prohibited music Mr. Tandler took the same liberties with the rules of harmony as do the writers to whom the split infinitive is a matter of no con-



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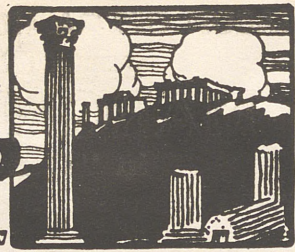
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(Continued on page 11)



Art



Week of January 29 to February 5

Main Museum Gallery, Exposition Park—Panama-California Exposition Collection from Gallery of Fine Arts, San Diego.

Little Grey Gallery, Museum—Old Masters Collection; Two New Keiths; Unknown Madonna.

Print Room—Water color sketches by Marion Holden Pope. Arts and Crafts Exhibition by students of the Pennsylvania Museum School.

Friday Morning Club—Joint Exhibition of Miss Luvena Buchanan and Edward Vsyikal, Portrait and Landscape.

Kanst Gallery—854 S. Hill. Gamble canvases.

Raymond Gould Shop—324 West Fifth. Italian Objects d'Art.

O'Hara & Livermore—253 East Colorado, Pasadena—Warren E. Rollins' canvases.

Huntington Hotel, Oak Knoll—Max Weiczorek, Portraits.

Bentz Art Rooms—213 West Fourth. Old Chinese porcelains.

By Mary M. Du Bois

IN the Print Room in the museum at Exposition Park the visitor will find twelve water color sketches by Marion Holden Pope and an Arts and Crafts exhibit by students of the Pennsylvania Museum School as well as numerous etchings and Japanese prints. Mrs. Pope's impressions of the northern exposition include copies of Brangwyn's mural decorations, buildings and avenues and night scenes on the exposition grounds.

In these sketches Mrs. Pope shows sureness of drawing, satisfying composition and reserve in color. They lack a little in crispness and a certain fresh boldness but the medium is a difficult one. Many of the subjects, too, contain a wealth of detail making complications, especially for wash drawings, much of which has been overcome by suggestion. The solidity of the buildings has been well felt, avoiding harsh outlines and a too architectural treatment, not an easy thing to accomplish with such an abundance of color and detail.

Among the smaller sketches "The Bowman" and "The Avenue of Palms" are handled with a delightful freshness and show the brilliancy of atmosphere peculiar to California. These are especially good in color, composition and atmosphere. "The End of the Trail" contains that piece of sculpture by James Earl Fraser which has been simply treated with much of the feeling conveyed in the original. "The Court of the Ages," "The Fine Arts Palace" and "Buildings of the Avenue of Progress" are paintings of those structures at night. All are quite broadly treated and with depth of color unusual in this medium. The latter is especially attractive, very quiet in tone with reflections of that building in the water. The white swans in the foreground are the only bright spots in the picture.

* * *

At Exposition Park the San Diego fair paintings will remain in the main gallery until February 4, when they will be taken down to give place to the First Annual Arts and Crafts Salon. Preparations are going forward rapidly and all bids fair to bring about an exhibition which will be an inspiration to our craftsmen. The various committees are composed of competent persons who have asked the best of our local workers to contribute and have brought the work of well known Easterners to our shore. The various committees in charge are: Miss Leta Horlocker, pottery and ceramics; Douglas Donaldson, Miss Margaret Tuttle and Harry Schoeppe, jewelry and metal work; Miss Charlotte Milton, bookbinding; Mrs. Douglas Donaldson, Miss Emma Waldvogel and Mrs. Ralph Johannot, embroidery and textiles; E. C. Maxwell, oriental rugs; Miss Esther Crawford, prints; Miss Laura M. D. Mitchell, miniatures; Miss Olive Newcomb, Margaret Donaldson and Ernest Batchelder, tiles; Miss Belle Whittice, work of the arts and crafts department of the city and county schools; James F. Rudy, stained glass and murals; Howard Weston, Louis Fleckenstein, Miss Margaret Mather and Ernest Williams, artistic photography.

* * *

Warren E. Rollins is showing a num-

ber of canvases depicting the picturesque life of the American Indian at "The Gift Shop" Pasadena. They will be on view until February 3.

* * *

"Civic Art," by Mr. Ernest Allen Batchelder, was the subject of the third lecture of the series being given at the Stickney Memorial Art School in Pasadena. The prepared reading matter, illustrated by slides showing the best in architecture of houses, public buildings, gateways, statuary, etc., was augmented by personal observations of the lecturer, who is well informed on the subject. The topic for Saturday afternoon and next Tuesday evening is Rembrandt.

* * *

Many strong canvases, a cordial reception and a delightful interview awaited me at the studio of Miss Henrietta Shore last week. I gasped a bit on entering the business block. "What an unusual setting for a studio!" I thought. But Miss Shore declared she liked the life and bustle found here. My first glance out of the window convinced me of the wisdom of her choice. The wide view from Miss Shore's studio is from the twelfth floor of the Hollingsworth building. One could travel far and not find material such as this in interest for sketching. Miss Shore has started two canvases of this scene, one of a gray and one of a sunny day.

Central Park supplies the touch of green in the foreground to the west and skyscrapers in shades of gray and red rise on all sides. Sign boards here and there add their touch of color and in the haze beyond lies the Sierra Madre range, forming a dominant feature in the picture. Miss Shore finds the mountains a never-ending source of interest in their many moods and colors. This artist's real interest, however, lies in the figure and unlike any other artist I have known, prefers to paint these from memory. The various and strongly felt personalities which Miss Shore has succeeded in transferring to these canvases attest to the fact of their likeness to the sitter. Not only portraits but landscapes does she paint in this way.

On the easel in the room was a group of mother and three children, all in easy and interesting pose. One feels the strength and directness of the handling of both flesh and draperies. Composition and values are disposed of with apparent ease. There is an exquisite, almost iridescent bit of color in the couch against a beautiful soft green background. Relation of values in white as well as black is a study of great interest to Miss Shore and according to the lovely blues seen in many canvases, I should fancy that color has a strong appeal too. These canvases are nameless. The next one shown was a study in values in white. A little boy is picnicking in the wood. White is repeated in dress, hat, socks and shoes and in the dishes on the ground. In all these the white values are shown in their gradations. This canvas is in a high key. Trees in the woods through which the light sifts, form the background. It is painted in a decorative spirit and is a decidedly pleasing canvas. The face of the child is a masterly bit of painting. The same vitality in color and treatment is in this as in the previous canvases.

There were sketches of San Fernando Mission in oils and pastels, many out of door scenes and portraits. One of the latter shows a girl with red hair and vivid green waist holding a black cat, a second couched at her feet. Another large canvas shows a slender young woman holding a bowl of gold fish, the fish making a fascinating glitter against the somber colors of the canvas. These are all painted with breadth and confidence but it remains for Miss Shore's latest canvases, the first described, to express this artist's greatest individuality. These show a fresher coloring, a clearer conception and a greater freedom than the work done before coming to California. This leads me to the question I put to her, "Do you not feel the loss of the art atmosphere of the eastern cities?" Her canvases are her answer. What she replied was "I work better when working independently." Miss Shore attributes the change in her later canvases to the out of door life

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creeping into her work, giving greater vitality and a heightened color. Surely they are more vital and I should say it is partially due to the strides she has made in working out her own salvation. Miss Shore is a thinker and the quality and number of her canvases show she is also a worker. The future should hold much that is worth while for her.

Burns Night at Caledonian Club

Never in the history of the Caledonian Club of Los Angeles has there been so enthusiastic a Burns evening as on Tuesday, January 25, at Blanchard Hall. The new President, Edmund Mitchell, was in the chair and is to be felicitated on the success of the occasion. It was the first appearance before his fellow Scots of the Franco-Scot, Henri La Bonte, and his singing carried the great gathering by storm. Brown Maclane, operatic tenor, scored a like success. The Highland fling dancing of Edith Duncan Emmett, gold medalist at San Francisco, was another notable item. Mrs. Janet McGregor, a favorite Scotch singer in the East, also held the audience; and John Brand, elocutionist, was at his best in reciting "Tam O' Shanter." The audience joined in with a hearty chorus when Peter Meldrum sang, a good feature of the gathering. Most impressive of all was the bagpipe music of the seven pipers of the Los Angeles Pipers' Band, and the grand march was superbly given. All hail, Caledonia!

Current School Notes

Students at Cumnock School were given a novel entertainment Wednesday when four members of the class in public speaking delivered impromptu orations on widely diverse subjects. Imogene Crane, Gladys Thacker, Margaret Swan and Florence Brown were the budding debaters. Thursday morning at the same school Miss M. Belle Jeffries, city secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, talked on "Some Problems of Social Service."

Next Wednesday morning at 10:15 Miss Dora Holmes will read Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea" at Cumnock Hall. The public is invited; and there is no charge for admission. Miss Holmes is well known for her work with the Civic Repertory Company, and is a brilliant interpreter.

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Cheaters

By Robert O. Foote

NOT simply because it was "made in Los Angeles" is "So Long Letty" proving as popular on its second visit to this city as on the occasion of its long run here last summer, but because it combines within itself nearly every tried and true musical comedy experiment that can be crowded into two hours or more of stage entertainment. All the requisites are here. There is a plot which simply screams aloud for the risqué lines in which alas, so many audiences delight. There are tuneful melodies, one or two of which are of whistling charm. There are pretty girls, shapely girls and even pretty, shapely girls. In its fundamentals it is the same "So Long Letty" at the Mason this week as that which packed the Morosco theater for ten weeks. The beach neighbors continue to swap wives to suit their individual desires, and to swap back, presumably into a matrimonial bliss undreamed of before the trial exchange. But thirteen weeks in San Francisco seems to have added the zip on which that city prides itself. There is a little more speed, not so much slurring over of questionable lines, more of free and easy atmosphere. A few changes have been made in the cast. To tell the worst immediately, Billy Rock as the lifeguard is sadly missing. Charlotte Greenwood as Letty has lost none of her ability to "kid" her audience. She goes delightfully along, swinging her arms and legs in happy abandon and caring even less than do her hearers whether or not she is in the character. Honors for the cast really go to Walter Catlett, who is droll without being any more ludicrous than is agreeable, and to Frances Cameron, who is in delightful voice, pretty, agile and roguish. Sydney Grant's voice proves a realistic ukulele and he works hard in rather a thankless part. "Sadie Love" has been dragged in by the heels, with a song which is hardly up to the other musical numbers. Occasion also is made to introduce, several times, but even then not too frequently, the Cameron sisters—no, not Frances—in dances of exceeding grace. The first performance of the week was slightly marred by an inclination on the part of the enlarged Mason orchestra to pit itself in a contest with certain not overly strong voices. "So Long Letty," casting all local pride aside, is far superior to many of the shows which have come to us with the trademark "New York Success." One may not especially admire its theme, but as a production it is on its way up to the top of the theatrical ladder.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Alluring Anna Held with her wondrous eyes, is the headliner at the Orpheum, in a bill that is decidedly drab in tone. She half talks her songs about her eyes and her former successes, which is all very pleasing. With the buckling in of the love glass effect and the spreading headdress, however, comes a sigh of real satisfaction that this then is Anna. Her newest creation "When Anna Laughs" is by far her best song. Do you believe in spooks? Bayone Whipple and Walter Huston will convince you, in their sketch. Huston has real comedy ability, while his repressed manner of singing his songs gets a good laugh. Ben Ryan and Harriette Lee do eccentric dancing and comedy work. Miss Lee's reflection of an animated scare crow, together with her peculiar manner of speaking do not measure up to everyone's idea of what is funny. She proves to be pleasing to a great many however. Excellent shooting is done by Mlle. Dupree of Le Hoen and Dupree. They vary this act by introducing a few songs, perhaps to give Le Hoen something to do, for as a singer Mlle. Dupree is very good at target practice. As to singers, there is Ruby Helder with the tenor voice. The only attraction would seem to be the peculiar range for a woman, as the tones are loud, without charm or resonance. In "Veterans" Harry Fern has a sketch fairly dripping with melodrama, black-mustached villain deep in graft, pathetic old soldier, who dines off cheese and tea and crackers, that aforesaid villain may wax rich. Same old soldier turned out of the home, because he refuses to donate his pension to the grafting post fund; the United States senator, who through the old colored jack-of-all-

trades, of Harry Fern, the only real character in the piece, uncovers the dastardly plot, and sends the old man to his dying son. It is laid on with a thick brush. Harry Fern is at a disadvantage having the rest of the company with him. The eastern dances of Roshanara are seen again. In the snake dance, her hands and arms seem especially expressive. The Tan Bark Comedians is the other holdover. While most of the acts are new, they are far from sensational.

Offerings on the Screen

IT is rather a pity that Joe Jackson, in "A Modern Enoch Arden," is used as the second picture at the Majestic this week, instead of being shown before the Marie Doro photoplay, "The Wood Nymph." The Triangle has been over-generous in the Majestic program, which is so long that many patrons are constrained to leave before the comple-



FLORENCE ROCKWELL
MOROSCO.

tion of the Jackson picture, the better of the two excellent offerings. "A Modern Enoch Arden" may be regarded as a superior photodrama to "The Wood Nymph" because it tells a story which the spectators can understand and appreciate, while the Doro offering, showing though it does one of the most charming recent recruits to the screen, leaves one in doubt as to whether it is an extremely subtle satire on mythology or is intended as a direct representation of the love affair of a girl reared in a forest remote from civilization. Both pictures are remarkable photographic achievements, "The Wood Nymph," a Fine Arts production, notable for the quiet natural beauty it presents, and the Keystone offering, "A Modern Enoch Arden" for the thrills Mack Sennett has succeeded in imparting to it. It is out of the usual run of Keystone comedies, more nearly what the speaking stage would term a "comedy-drama" and in addition to affording good opportunities to Joe Jackson, Mack Swain and others gives a chance for the introduction of that particularly talented child actress, Betty Marsh.

In making "The Misleading Lady," that farce which was seen at the Burbank toward the close of the stock days at that house, into a photoplay, the piece was changed from farce comedy to serious drama, and with no loss of interest, in the opinion of those who saw the preview of the picture at Tally's, where it is to run next week. Perhaps, the incorporation of a little more of the original humor might have been advisable in spots but the play has been built up into a compelling screen drama which gives

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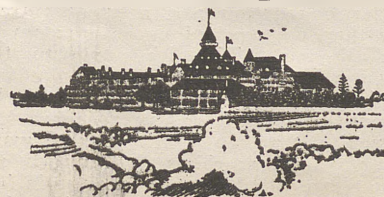
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that excellent picture actor, Henry B. Walthall one of the best parts with which he has ever been favored. As a man of primitive instincts, who refuses to be made the toy of a woman and who carries his beloved creature off into the mountains after the manner of man whom he is supposed to resemble, he enacts a part that but for careful shading might become ridiculous, but which he plays with admirable repression, strong and forceful yet within the bounds of the good breeding the character is supposed to have in spite of his lack of respect for civilized wooing. Edna Mayo, as the young woman who toys with the hero's affection and who in the end is conquered by the love she has awakened is too charming to be repulsive, even in the face of her doubtful exploits in the early parts of the story. "The Misleading Lady" should prove a worthy successor for "At Bay," the Florence Reed picture which has been a popular success at Tally's this week.

Margaret Illington Coming to Mason

Margaret Illington, generally considered one of the foremost emotional actresses of this country, is said to have in "The Lie," by Henry Arthur Jones,

K. Applebee, Grace Travers and other members of the Oliver Morosco company will take part in the smart comedy.

Old-time Variety Due at Orpheum

Good old variety, after all the essence of vaudeville, will come back into its own at the Orpheum next week. There is no star of the legitimate stage as headliner of the bill which is to open with the Monday matinee, but a collection of real variety artists in genuine vaudeville turns will be offered. Eva Gauthier and Nila Devi will bring one of the principal acts, which they call "Songmotion" as a title for a combination of songs given in prima donna style by Miss Gauthier, and at the same time interpreted in prima ballerina fashion by Miss Devi and a ballet. The other headline place is accorded Comfort and King, in a scream of blackface comedy, "Coon Town Divorcons," full of broad farcical situations and keen lines. James Dutton and company will give an exposition of horsemanship. George Austin Moore and Cordelia Haager have combined forces in a bright bit of patter, song and dance. The Harmony Trio will make music not only with their voices but with numerous instruments. Ruby



MARGARET ILLINGTON IN "THE LIE" AT THE MASON NEXT WEEK

the most successful play she has ever presented and in the role of Elinor Shale one of the most satisfactory parts she has ever played. Miss Illington will be seen in this new play next week at the Mason Opera House, opening Monday night. She will give matinees Wednesday and Saturday, the one Wednesday being popular priced. The actress plays the part of an elder sister who sacrifices herself for her younger sister's good, reaping thereby a whirlwind. Miss Illington will be supported by practically the same cast that has been with her since the production of the play at the Harris Theater. New York, in the early autumn of 1914. It includes G. Aubrey Smith, G. W. Anson, Richard Hatteras, Mercedes Desmore and Thomas O'Malley, who have the more important parts.

"He Comes Up Smiling" at Morosco

Oliver Morosco will present "He Comes Up Smiling" to western playgoers for the first time on the coast at the Morosco Theater, beginning Sunday afternoon. The play presents a new light on the life of the hobo and the adventures of "Watermelon" among the rich form excellent dramatic material. Florence Rockwell and Edmund Lowe have the principal parts in "He Comes Up Smiling," and Mr. Lowe's will be the biggest role he has undertaken since coming to the Morosco company. As the young tramp in the piece he should earn new honors. Besides the two principals in the play, Harry Duffield, James

Helder, Harry Fern and company and Ryan and Lee will remain over from this week's bill. The usual orchestral concerts and news views will complete the program.

"Peggy" to Return to Majestic

So many requests have been received by the management of the Majestic theater for a return engagement of the beautiful Billie Burke photodrama "Peggy," that a week's engagement of the Thomas H. Ince production is announced to begin at that house next Monday morning at 11:30 o'clock. Billie Burke in "Peggy" has an ideal role for her vivacious talents. She is cast as an American "tom-boy" girl who goes to live with a rich old uncle in a Scottish village. Supporting Miss Burke are such well known actors as Williams H. Thompson, William Desmond, and Charles Ray. All seats for the four daily performances at the Majestic will be reserved. Two good Mack Sennett Keystone comedies will complete the bill—Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle in "He Did and He Didn't" and Charles Murray and Louise Fazenda in "His Hereafter." Both are said to be the highest type of Keystones.

"My Lady Inco" at Woodley's

"My Lady Inco," with Hazel Dawn in the title role, will be the attraction at the Woodley Theater next week. The play was produced by the Famous Players Film Company. Miss Dawn plays a Southern society belle who

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turns detective to save her home from ruin. In addition to the far-famed "Dawn" smile and the personality which enchants her audiences, the star is said to display a dash and snap in her portrayal of the girl detective that is captivating and delightful.

"Stolen Magic" at the Burbank

Mabel Normand and Raymond Hitchcock in "The Stolen Magic," a Mack Sennett Keystone production, will be one of the big features on next week's program at the Burbank, beginning Monday morning. The comedy is called one even above the high standard recently set by the Keystone pictures. Another comedy, "His Father's Footsteps," will be shown, featuring Ford Sterling and in addition lovers of drama will have to entertain them a special feature photodrama the name of which has not yet been announced.

"Ruling Passion" at Miller's

Bringing the atmosphere of the warm, colorful east, "The Ruling Passion," a William Fox photoplay founded on an oriental love, will be the screen feature at Miller's Theater next week, opening Monday. This latest Miller picture was produced in the West Indies by Herbert Bronson, who has succeeded in incorporating in the adventurous story of a Hindu prince and his haremotic influence over women, the richness of settings that one associates with Oriental life. An added attraction at Miller's will be the latest Hearst Vitagraph News-Weekly which includes the Joy and Gloom cartoons.

Seven Day Revue at Garrick

Clara Kimball Young in a different picture every day is the innovation which Manager Seth D. Perkins announces for next week at the New Garrick Theater. This popular actress will be seen in a seven day review of her best screen work and should prove a good drawing card.

To Lecture on Irish Art Renaissance

That clever young Irish woman, Miss Kathleen M. O'Brennan, a few of whose folk-lore tales have appeared in The



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Graphic, has returned to Los Angeles for a stay of several months. Miss O'Brennan expects to give two courses of lectures while here, one of which will be concerned principally with the Irish renaissance in art, literature and music and the second with the civic problems of her native land. Miss O'Brennan is a delightful speaker, as well as a graceful writer and her lectures should prove both interesting and profitable.

Social & Personal

OF interest to a large number of friends was the marriage Tuesday noon of Miss Helen Galbreth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Galbreth of 1253 Third avenue to Mr. Leroy Jepson. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. Dr. Richard Aberly of the Magnolia Avenue Christian church officiating. Only the immediate relatives were present and following the service a wedding breakfast was served, places being arranged for about twenty guests. The young bride was daintily attired in a handsome tulle, with boots and hat to match and she wore a corsage of Cecil Brunner rosebuds and ferns. The home was attractively decorated and in the dining room masses of pink rosebuds were arranged, baskets of the flowers being ornamented with fluffy pink tulle bows, while the gauze streamers were billowed down the center of the table. Mrs. Jepson who is a Marlborough graduate, has a host of friends here but she did not accept any pre-nuptial courtesies, following the announcement of her engagement three months ago. She assisted as a bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Ada May Forbes and Mr. Francis King Taylor, which was an event of last June. Mr. and Mrs. Jepson following the wedding left for a motor trip and will later make their home in Los Angeles. The Uplifters, of which club Mr. Jepson is a talented member, sent a huge box of "hotpoint" electrical devices as a present to the bride.

In the presence of about five hundred guests, the marriage of Miss Inez Irene Mathewson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Mathewson, of 2020 Beechwood drive, Hollywood, and Mr. William B. Kemper, jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Kemper of 413 West Twenty-third street, took place Tuesday evening. St. John's church in West Adams street was the scene of the wedding, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. George Davidson, rector of the church. Potted plants and ferns with clusters of pink carnations were effectively used in decorating the church. The bride was given into the keeping of the bridegroom at the altar by her father and was becomingly attired in an exquisite gown of white Georgette crepe over white satin with trimmings of pearls and silver lace. Her tulle veil was caught to her head with sprays of orange blossoms and an old fashioned brooch of diamonds in the shape of a sheaf of wheat, an heirloom in the bride's family. Her bouquet was made up of orchids and lilies of the valley. Miss Bessie Cramp-ton of Pasadena, cousin of the bride, assisted as maid of honor, wearing a gown of pale pink charmeuse. Mrs. Row Mathewson, gowned in lavender silk net was matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Helen Kemper and Miss Gertrude Bergen, they wearing gowns of pale pink and yellow, respectively made in anti-bellum style with full skirts and pointed bodices and hats of silver lace carrying arm showers of pink Killarney rosebuds and ferns. Mr. Frank Kemper served his brother as best man and the ushers were Dr. W. E. Neel, Mr. Fred Shoemaker and Mr. D. Singleton. Mr. and Mrs. Kemper left immediately after their marriage for a brief wedding trip and after February 15 they will be at home temporarily at 615 South Virgil avenue, until their own house is built.

Miss Beulah Lolita Lovejoy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Lovejoy, of North Hobart boulevard, whose marriage to Mr. Clarence B. Osborne, son of Captain and Mrs. H. Z. Osborne, will be an event of the near future, has chosen her sister, Miss Vida Lovejoy, as maid of honor, and tiny Lois Osborne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lois Osborne of St. Andrew's boulevard, as flower girl. Mr. Raymond Osborne will attend his brother as best man. The wedding will be a home affair with only relatives and intimate friends witnessing the ceremony. The bride to be is an attractive and popular young woman of the younger set and the groom-elect belongs to one of the pioneer families of the coast.

Miss Ruth Scarborough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Scarborough of Monrovia, whose engagement to Mr. George Monroe was announced at a family dinner party given Christmas Day, has decided upon the date of her

marriage which will take place the first week in April. Miss Scarborough has many friends in Los Angeles and a number of delightful pre-nuptial affairs are being planned in her honor. One of the most recent was the tea given in her honor by Mrs. James G. Scarborough of Menlo avenue. Music was a feature of the afternoon and those contributing to the program included the hostess and her niece, Miss Helen Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones of Los Angeles.

One of the delightful affairs to be given in the near future and which is being looked forward to with pleasure is the Valentine party with which Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake of Hoover street will entertain in compliment to Miss Phila Miller who is one of the most charming debutantes of the season.

Mrs. West Hughes of 500 West Twenty-third street was hostess Wednesday at an attractively appointed luncheon. Later in the afternoon bridge was played.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story entertained about a dozen of their friends at dinner Wednesday evening. The affair was given at their home on New Hampshire street.

Mrs. C. H. Fenton of 4845 Elmwood avenue, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. I. H. Carroll, will entertain with a delightful dancing party, Thursday evening, February 3. The affair will be in honor of Mrs. Bradford of Omaha, mother of Mrs. C. H. King of Manhattan Place. About fifty of the younger married and the debutante set have been invited.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bond Francisco entertained Sunday evening with a supper party of fifty at their artistic studio home on Albany street. Entertaining with them were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gottschalk and the affair was planned in honor of Lillian Russell who came in following the performance at the Orpheum. The guests included a number of visiting celebrities from the dramatic profession as well as many society folk.

Interesting news to local society is the announcement made by Mrs. Harriet A. Burd of 308 North Serrano street of the marriage of her daughter, Mrs. Sue Burd Rech to Mr. Frank Vaughan Eberhart of Chicago. The marriage took place Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Walter Raymond was at home to her friends Wednesday at the Raymond hotel, Pasadena, guests being received between the hours of three and five o'clock. Several hundred invitations were issued for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Wood Shirley entertained a few evenings ago with a delightful dinner dance at the Los Angeles Country Club to which thirty-four guests were invited. The table was centered with a bed of violets resting upon ferns and interspersed with spring flowers. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Paul English, Mr. and Mrs. Milo Baker, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Bannister, Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene W. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Sherer, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Frederick Vollmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Bogart, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bixler, Mrs. Maud Baldwin, Miss Katherine Gibson, Mr. Huber Stahr, Mr. W. W. Butler, with the host and hostess.

Mrs. Robert Howe of 1214 Lake street is planning to entertain with an informal tea at the Alexandria, Wednesday afternoon, February 3. A number of men have been asked to drop in later in the afternoon.

Mrs. Wheaton A. Gray of Kingsley Drive entertained Wednesday with a dinner-bridge party, the affair being one of a series of informal affairs which she is giving this season.

Mrs. J. C. Doyle has returned to Los Angeles after an extensive trip of several months. The greater part of her time was passed in San Francisco, where she was the recipient of many delightful social courtesies. Mrs. Doyle is at present a guest at the Darby.

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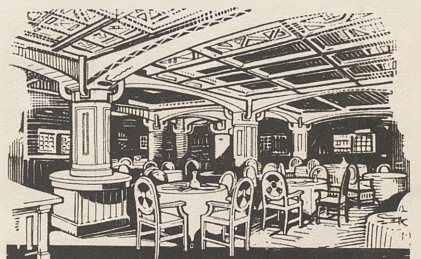
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appointments was the "Doll Costume Dance" given Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cuzner at the University Club. The entire affair was carried out in appropriate manner. The guests were quaintly and daintily dressed in



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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK

Notice is hereby given that by and in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Hibernian Savings Bank, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 12th day of January, 1916, a meeting of the stockholders has been called for and will be held at the office and principal place of business of said corporation, to-wit, at its banking room, second floor, Hibernian Building, Southeast corner of Fourth and Spring Streets, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, on Wednesday, the 12th day of April, 1916, at the hour of 3:00 o'clock on the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Three Hundred Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$350,000), divided into Three Thousand Five Hundred (3,500) shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, to the amount of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000), divided into Five Thousand (5,000) shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, and to transact all such other business as properly pertains to or is connected with such increase of capital stock.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated this 12th day of January, 1916.
A. M. GIBBS,
Secretary of Hibernian Savings Bank, a corporation.
Jan. 15—April 8.

representation of dolls and the decorations also embodied the same original idea. The supper tables were decorated with miniature dollies and toy-shops and doll nursery sets and other quaint novelties were used in the decorative scheme. Nearly one hundred and twenty-five guests were invited for the affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carleton Lee have returned from New York where they went December 20 for a visit with relatives and friends. Mrs. Lee is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark. Mrs. Joseph K. Clark of Los Angeles and the aunt of Mrs. Lee also visited in New York and returned to her home here with Mr. and Mrs. Lee.

Mrs. Josephine Jack, accompanied by her son, Mr. Harry N. Jack, left Wednesday on the Great Northern S. S. for Honolulu. They will later go to Japan and China, planning to enjoy a tour of seven or eight months in the Asiatic countries. Later, they will probably continue their journey into other interesting countries.

Most enjoyable was the "Evening in Scotland" entertainment given at the Banning place on Hoover and Thirty-first street, Sunday evening under the direct supervision of Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt. Dr. William T. McArthur gave a talk on Scotch characteristics and several readings were given in Scotch dialect as well as a number of Scotch ballads rendered. Altogether, the evening was most delightful.

Pleasing in every way was the luncheon given Thursday in the blue room of the Young Women's Christian Association. Hostesses for the occasion included many women who are prominent in social circles of the city and more than a hundred of the guests were young society girls of the city who mingled with their less fortunate sisters, compelled to labor for their livelihood.

Of more than ordinary note at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, is the formal dinner and dance, scheduled to be given Wednesday evening, February 16. The event is in the nature of an inaugural ball in honor of the new clubmen, who will have charge of the entertainment activities for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Virginia Goodsell and her daughter, Miss Virginia Goodsell, have taken apartments at the Ingraham hotel where they will be at home to their friends until summer.

Miss Sally Sawyer of Malone, New York, who is the house guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sawyer of Normandie avenue, is an attractive visitor here just now. Miss Sawyer is a talented musician and many informal affairs are being planned in her honor while visiting here.

Miss Marguerite Burns of San Francisco will arrive in Los Angeles February 5 for a few months' visit with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Burns of 3538 Wilshire boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Wilshire entertained Thursday with an afternoon tea in honor of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, and his talented wife, Clara Clemens, who is the daughter of the late Mark Twain.

Miss Beatriz Burnham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Burnham, has gone to Honolulu, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Randolph Zant, wife of Lieutenant Zant, who is stationed at Pearl Harbor. Mrs. Zant will be remembered here as the daughter of Representative and Mrs. W. D. Stephens. It is likely that Miss Burnham will be heard from in the tennis events at Honolulu this spring.

Formal announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Barclay of 1506 Harvard Boulevard, of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Bessie S. Cook to Mr. Ernest W. Kemp of Denver. The wedding will be a social event of March.

Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon given at the Los Angeles Country Club for about twenty of her friends. The table was artistically decorated with sprays and clusters of spring flowers and the guests included friends who are winter residents at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where Mrs. Van Nuys has taken apartments for the winter.

Mr. Thomas B. Brown was host Monday evening at a small opera party, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney I. Wailes and Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taggart Howland of 431 Oak Lawn, Pasadena, of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Winifred

Louise Howland to Mr. Sidney Warren Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Warren Johnson of this city. No date has been set as yet for the wedding.

Mrs. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven of West Twenty-third street was hostess recently at a charmingly arranged bridge tea given in compliment to Mrs. Fahey of Boston, who is enjoying a month's visit to California. Mrs. Van Kaathoven's other guests included Mrs. W. W. Belknap, mother of the hostess; Mrs. John Crombie Nivin, Mrs. Dan McFarland, Mrs. Nathaniel F. Wilshire, Mrs. Carroll Allen, Mrs. Walter Leeds and Miss Louise Burke.

Music and Musicians

(Continued from Page 6.)

man he knew of in this country, besides himself, who could play certain of the Paganini pieces as they were written. Mr. Mollenhauer still keeps up his comprehensive technique and it is a rare treat to hear him play his concert pieces of former years.

Dr. Clement B. Shaw is giving a series of lectures on the operas at Symphony hall, the one of last Friday night being on "La Tosca," the piano illustrations by Ethel Summe, pianist. Dr. Shaw also makes use of the Edison and Victrola records, thus carrying the great singers into his lecture illustrations. This is one of the great educational possibilities prognosticated for the phonograph, but too little used. It is so common in private entertainment that the more valuable features of the artist records are overlooked by many. Dr. Shaw is an adept in making them practical.

Two quotations from musical notices in a Los Angeles newspaper of last Friday: "Sigmund Beel appeared as violin soloist in Mozart's overture, 'The Magic Flute.'" The other read: "The most beautiful of her (Tilly Koenen's) numbers were the German lied songs, among them being 'Rido ami la Calma.'" Notice the new phrase "lied songs" and that "Rido la Calma" is German.

Christian Timmer will give a violin recital February 4 at Trinity Auditorium. Mr. Timmer was a pupil of Wieniawski and Joachim and was prominent in musical affairs in Holland in past years.

Mrs. Gloria Windsor made a great success at the meeting of the matinee Musicale Club at the Little Theater last week. Her recital of the Troyer Indian songs as well as classic compositions resulted in a triumph for her vocal skill and ample voice equipment.

Two Gabrilowitsch recitals occurring Thursday night and this afternoon are too late for review in this issue of The Graphic. Adequate account of them will be found in the next issue.

With the promise of the "Two Alices" as headliners at the opera tonight doubtless the S. R. O. sign will be displayed early. Alice Nielsen is announced for "The Secret of Suzanne" and Alice Gentle in "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Next popular concert of the symphony orchestra will be given February 12, with Ida Selby as piano soloist, playing the Grieg concerto.

Molly Byerly Wilson, the Los Angeles dramatic contralto who has been making a highly successful tour with a large concert troupe, has started east with the organization, after filling dates in Riverside, San Bernardino and other valley towns. Miss Wilson was well received wherever she appeared, her rendering of "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," from "Samson and Delilah," and "Im Herbst" by Franz, commanding particularly favorable notice in the citrus belt cities.

In the sudden death of Herman Perlet, San Francisco lost one of its most capable musicians, one who enjoyed the respect and friendship of all who were associated with him. Mr. Perlet was a composer, a pianist of much ability, a teacher of singing and at the time of his death was the conductor of the San Francisco Philharmonic orchestra, of which G. Vargas, formerly of Los Angeles, is the business manager. The future of the Philharmonic orchestra will depend on the success of the selection of a successor to Mr. Perlet.

Elsa Cross, pianist, is offering a unique series of studio recitals. Recent programs were devoted to "Music of the Sea" and "Music of the Wind." A practical theme just now for studio use

A Talk on Trusts

When appointing a private executor, you would naturally choose a friend or relative of nearly your own age. On the death of such a trustee, which may occur soon after your own, the affairs of your descendants must pass to others unknown to you. Our Trust Department is the perfected modern device for executing wills—it is perpetual, has a continuous life, takes no holidays, has no illness—the handling of estates is our business, not a "side issue" as with the private executor. Our Trust Officers will be glad to meet you at any time.

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would be a lecture on "How to Raise the Wind"—but that is impertinent material suggestion in connection with an artistic topic.

Last week a Los Angeles newspaper announced a series of concerts by "Brahm's Quintet." The only Brahms we know in Los Angeles is Brahms van den Berg, so it must be that he is now playing quintets with himself.

Sunset starts off the new year by appearing in larger size this month, adopting the form first made familiar by the American. The table of contents remains up to the high standard set in the old magazine and the list of contributors includes Henry C. Rowland, Emerson Hough, James Fellom, David Starr Jordan, Arno Dosch, Walter V. Woelke, George Herbert Smalley and Charles K. Field, whose article "Close-up Shots" at Movie Stars on the New Rialto" will be of especial interest in Los Angeles.

Midsummer-Night Storm

Clouds piled in splendor,
Touching the zenith,
Glow with the burnished
Last kiss of the Sun God
Just as he plunges
Into the night land.

Up from the eastward
Creeps the grey evening,
Driving the sunlight
Out of the heavens,
Followed by darkness
Deep and enfolding.

Then as the blackness
Closes around us,
Far from the grim North
Comes a low murmur,
Growing a deep, growling,
Muttering rumble,
Following ominous
Flashes electric.

Nearer and nearer
The storm gods are driving
Up-piled immensities
Torn by the lightning
(Flaming, swift, jagged,
Forked, eccentric,
Plunging to earthward),
While the deep, distant,
Muttering rumble
Grows to the terrible
Crash of near thunder,
Startling the heavens and
Earth with its tumult.

Now for a moment
Silence enwraps us—
Silence profound as is
Only such silence!
Nature has paused in her
Acme of effort.

Slow from the blackness
Drop here and there the great
Rain-tears, o'erswollen
As with the sorrow of
Infinite travail—
Drop one by one, 'till a
Thrust of God's sword-hand
Rends all the heavens and
Deafens with thunder,
Bursting the flood-gates,
Through which rush the waters!
—W. H. ANDERSON

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Books

SOME years ago the John Lane Company published an attractive book on "Japanese Flower Arrangement" by Miss Mary Averill, who bears the Japanese pen-name of Nwashinsai Kiyo kumei. So well was it received that the author has ventured to add another volume on the same subject supplementing and completing her original treatment. It is becoming more and more accepted by critics that in the department of the garden and of plants the Japanese are past masters. Any one who has witnessed the extraordinary care that a simple gardener in Japan will lavish upon a single stem, say a plum blossom branch, in order to give it graceful lines in the vase, can well believe anything in the way of Japanese wizardry in garden cult. Nor is it by any means a separated study. The expert in flower arrangements starts with lines of poetry, which he commits to memory; and there is a quaint philosophy of the triple symbolism of heaven, earth and man which enters subtly into all combinations. The whole study is intensely cultural in a high sense.

Here is a stanza that is always committed to memory by students of Japanese flower arranging:

Sasu kame no
Hana no suga tamu
Onozu kara
Amatsu chiba to no
Kokoro yori naru.

which may be rendered:

Just like the heart of nature
Should be the form of flowers,
That have been deftly arranged
In the vase.

Of these simple yet elusively suggestive uta, or thirty-one syllabled poems, Miss Averill gives us six, most of which, by the way, require more careful proofing. Nor does she offer an exact translation of the lines. Here is what she has to say of the above: "The poem states: Give your flowers only natural bends. It likens the central principle of heaven or heart center, to the heart or spirit of man. This part being his governing center creates his thought action and forms his principles. So, likewise, the central spray in a flower arranging shows by its lines the natural characteristics of the flower or plant used, and controls the shapes of all the other elements of the group."

The somewhat diffuse explanation reveals the fact that the writer has been a student of the schools of art in Japan. "On occasions," she remarks in her introduction, "I have found myself narrowing down to the research of one school, when suddenly I have had my attention called to some principle or suggestion from another school, so practical and valuable in enhancing the beauty of arranging cut flowers, that in spite of the assurance of the many masters at whose feet it has been my privilege to sit, that their particular school contains all the virtues. I cannot honestly agree with them." And so she has become frankly eclectic, relying most, however on the two schools which follow nature most closely, the Ikenobu and the No-Shin-Ryu. From them she states, has come her greatest inspiration. The book is an inspiring and delightful one, written by an enthusiast. Its 129 illustrations, beginning with the artistic colored frontispiece, are well selected. ("The Flower Art of Japan." By Mary Averill. The John Lane Co. Bullock's.)

Pretty, Persuasive Lion-Tamer

When a young woman is both irresistibly pretty and clever let a man desperately in love with her beware. If he marries her he in all probability ceases forever to be his "own man." "But a sense of humor is a necessary thing for a husband to have" in such a case; and this, "Big Ed" Trowbridge, six-foot, masterful embodiment of conservatism fortunately possessed when he took "Persuasive Peggy" Patton to wife. Otherwise, the freakish honeymoon trip, the rane of the \$1,000 check, the forcible reconstruction of the old family homestead and other wilful acts of insubordination in the young wife would have ended disastrously to the happiness of both. Peggy's match-making proclivities, strengthened by her own happy marriage, her subtle solution of the problem of "the other woman," her diplomacy in settling the matter of "treating the farm hands like one of the fam-

ily" to their discomfiture, in order to protect the sweet intimacies of the home life from common gaze, her social aspirations and quaint, almost childish philosophy which makes her beloved by all even as she dominates them in pretty tyranny make this book a tale of "sunshine, love and happiness," truly. Peggy certainly had an eventful life for a farmer's wife, a record of "her rebellions" and "victories in building her married house right" attesting to her resourcefulness and thirst for new things and conditions, not merely for herself but for her "hero" husband as well. For the most part the incidents, which are interwoven with gales of laughter and warmed by the glow of a really ideal and understanding love between a man and a woman, are happily told by Maravene Thompson. Ichy Sam and Sam Ichy, silent Steve and Letty, the Crowders, the Wilmers, Belle Newell, Eve Dawson and the remainder of Redville social circles are drawn with sympathetic pen that knows a country town and its petty affairs well. ("Persuasive Peggy." By Maravene Thompson. Fredrick A. Stokes Co. Bullock's.)

"Vanishing Roads"

Whether Richard Le Gallienne writes of woman as a supernatural being or of the paucity of imagination among millionaires, readers may open any one of his books, be it prose or verse, with confidence that they will find he "writes beautifully," as an enthusiastic admirer once put it. In "Vanishing Roads" this delicate artist in words has brought together a number of those essays he has been publishing in magazines, since his prose work assumed such importance, at the expense of his poetry. LeGallienne considers many things from towpaths to gossip; he gives us literary chat and mere maudlin yearnings over restaurants which once were fairy places to him. There is not much philosophy in his work; it is largely star-roving of a dreamer who is anxious to get down to earth and who, truth to tell, in his efforts to write of everyday things does succeed in investing them with enough of romance that they assume an unwonted appearance of enchantment, a hovering about of a spirit of beauty heretofore unsuspected by materialists. When Le Gallienne writes of women he is nothing but the world-old, consistent, masculine lover, who cannot forget any of his loves but remains, at least, in cherished memories, faithful to them all; but when he touches on contemporary ideals and ideas he becomes a rather clever critic, with keen comments which put a new view on many habits of the race. In subject, the contents of "Vanishing Roads" is about equally divided between American and foreign dissertations. It is the sort of book, which in quiet moments before a bright fire it is good to pick up as a pilot on a personal voyage out upon the sea of sentiment. ("Vanishing Roads." By Richard Le Gallienne. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.)

Children's Book of Peace

That deep cozy window seat with its luxurious loads of cushions, flanked on either side by rows of inviting books, pictured inside the cover page of Abbie Farwell Brown's "Kisington Town" looked out from the great library into a beautiful garden in a fascinating storied town-by-the-sea in which dwelt Harold, the boy "book-wizard," friend of the librarian. Harold loved to read so much that, when a terrible enemy came to conquer and ruin the city, he was able to win Red Rex, the dread war lord, by his wondrous stories of the legends of Kisington Town. Beginning with the magic tale of the fearful dragon of Hushby and Arthur, the small and ugly hero, who captured it, Harold continues a truce with "The Wonder Garden," the adventures of "The Lion Passant," "The Hermit Gnome," "Little Bear," a quaint Ojibway legend, and other interesting stories so that it was no wonder Red Rex was finally won over to books and the superior pleasure of peace. Harold should make many boy and girl friends in these latter days of war reports. ("Kisington Town." By Abbie Farwell Brown. Houghton Mifflin Co. Bullock's.)

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Notes From Bookland

Two of the most recent publications of Houghton, Mifflin Company which have reached second printings are Richard Pryce's "David Penstephen" and Alice Freeman Palmer's "A Marriage Cycle."

That the war has stimulated interest in war-history among young people as well as their elders seems to be indicated by a report from the Century Company that a sixth printing has just been required of their collection of "Civil-War Stories" for boys and girls. Also, Eric Fisher Wood's "The Notebook of an Attache," one of the most popular of the recent war-time books, has just gone into a seventh large printing.

Howard Giles' original painting for the frontispiece of "In Vacation America," by Harrison Rhodes, took the prize at the Salmagundi illustration show in New York. This picture as well as the other illustrations of America's summer and winter resorts in "In Vacation America," are printed in color.

Doctors are taking a professional interest in Cobb's new book, "Speaking of Operations," which tells humorously of his recent "pruning or remodeling" at the hands of a duly qualified surgeon. A well-known southern surgeon took such a fancy to the book that he bought a thousand copies, which he sent out as New Year's greetings to his friends. The amount of money Cobb has made off the books sold to doctors is considerably greater than the cost of his operation. The moral of all this seems to be that if you have anything the matter with you "that needs looking into," you might better belong to the writing profession, because then you can turn your experiences in the hospital to commercial advantage.

Readers who have chuckled over the humorous stories of Stephen Leacock will be interested to hear that his well-known "Nonsense Novels" is shortly to appear in an embossed edition for the blind.

Earl H. Reed, whose new book, "The Dune Country," is now in preparation by John Lane Company, has started on a lecture tour throughout the Middle West, his subject being the sand dunes around Lake Michigan.

What is generally regarded as the greatest dramatic work of Paul Hervieu, the French dramatist who died in the latter part of last month, is "The Trail of the Torch." But to the present time this play has not been available to English readers. Doubleday, Page & Company now announce Mr. Hervieu's masterpiece as a recent addition to their "Drama League Series of Plays," translated by John Alan Haughton, with an introduction by Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University.

Norman Angell, author of "The World's Highway," "The Great Illusion," etc., is a thoroughly trained newspaperman. He began his work as a

youngster in this country, with reporting, and when he returned to Europe it was as correspondent for various American newspapers. He has since been one of the most trusted men on the various staffs of Lord Northcliffe, the Napoleon of journalism. He has been editor of the Daily Messenger, Paris; on the staff of Eclair, Paris; general director of the Paris edition of the Daily Mail.

Cartoonists seem to be persons of nerve. John McCutcheon has pierced darkest Africa, Boardman Robinson is making war pictures at the most dangerous parts of the front, and H. T. Webster, whose cartoons were recently published in book form under the name of "Our Boyhood Thrills," accompanied George A. Dorsey, curator of the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago, on one of the most perilous trips ever made by white men. They went up the Yangtze river through rapids so dangerous that it was like passing Niagara every day, and they nearly reached the border of the Tibet, through a part of China which no white man has ever seen before or since.

Mrs. Arthur Gleason, who is just back from a year's ambulance service at the Belgian front and who figures as Hilda in her husband's remarkable book, "Young Hilda at the Wars," has just left New York for a visit in her home town, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

John Muir's famous clock, which not only woke him up in the morning, but dumped him out of bed; which delivered his books to him in regular sequence when he was studying, and which lighted his fire in the morning, has just been presented to the Wisconsin State Historical Society's Museum at Madison by the Wisconsin Alumni Association of Northern California. The clock was used by Mr. Muir in his school days at Wisconsin University and is described at length in his autobiography, "The Story of My Boyhood and Youth."

It is not generally realized that William Winter, who is not only "the dean of American dramatic critics," as he is so often called, but also one of the most solid of our poets and essayists, was a contemporary of the giants of the Golden Age of American literature—Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and their peers. Winter was born in 1836; Longfellow in 1807; Holmes in 1809; Lowell in 1819. All of these men, and their peers, Mr. Winter knew intimately—yet he is still among us a hearty and happy man, living on Staten Island, in Greater New York, and writing steadily. His latest book, "Vagrant Memories" appeared this fall.

Hiram Kelly Moderwell, author of "The Theatre of Today," has just announced to his publishers, John Lane Company, his recent marriage. Mr. Moderwell is now personal representative of Perv Mackaye and is assisting in the publicity work of the coming New York City Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration.

In the World of Amateur Sports

SAN GABRIEL Country Club is to be the center of local golfing activities today, if weather permits carrying out the elaborate schedule which has been arranged. In addition to its regular spring one-day invitation tournament the San Gabriel club proposes to play four team matches all on its home course. It is to meet Redlands this morning and this afternoon is to have team matches with Victoria, Point Loma and Coronado. It is expected that 150 golfers will take part in the invitation tournament, which is to be a thirty-six hole handicap, eighteen holes in the morning, and eighteen in the afternoon. Several handsome trophies have been put up for the winners. The inter-club matches at San Gabriel are the only ones scheduled for today in the Southern California Golf Association.

Out at the Los Angeles Country Club the mid-winter handicap has passed almost through the second round, with the following survivors: Judge William Frederickson, George H. Schneider, Frank Gillelen, Frank D. Hudson, Dr. W. H. Spinks, I. L. Merrill, M. T. Gilbert, Edgerton Shore, S. P. Hunt, F. H. Edwards, E. T. Sherer, Dr. H. D. Requa and Rev. Lloyd Darsie. There are still four postponed matches of the second round to be played. The third round starts today.

Because of postponed team matches, which the association has decided not to call forfeited, Los Angeles and Midwick retain their standing at the head in the mid-winter club tournament. Corrected standings to date, exclusive of matches today, are as follows:

Scratch				
Teams—	Played.	Won.	Lost.	P.c.
Los Angeles	2	2	0	1.000
Midwick	3	3	0	1.000
Redlands	6	5	1	.833
Annandale	4	3	1	.750
Altadena	4	3	1	.750
Victoria	6	3	3	.500
Point Loma	6	3	3	.500
Coronado	7	3	4	.429
San Gabriel	3	1	2	.333
Orange	11	1	10	.091
Virginia	2	0	2	.000

Handicap				
Teams—	Played.	Won.	Lost.	P.c.
Altadena	4	4	0	1.000
Annandale	4	3	1	.750
Victoria	6	4	2	.667
Redlands	6	4	2	.667
Midwick	3	2	1	.667
Los Angeles	2	1	1	.500
Virginia	2	1	1	.500
San Gabriel	3	1	2	.333
Point Loma	6	2	4	.333
Coronado	7	2	5	.286
Orange	11	2	9	.182

Fast Polo Contests at Coronado

Racing fans who were denied their usual pastime because of the flooding of the Tia Juana race track, found a new diversion by attending the fast polo match at Coronado and as a result something has been accomplished in that propaganda which enthusiastic poloists have long been advocating of popularizing their game. The horse lovers found polo fully as exciting as racing, their only lamentation being that there was no chance for bookmaking. Enough well known polo men are now gathered at the southern resort to insure real contests every week. Among the players who took part last week were Malcolm Stevenson, Thomas Le Boutillier, Col. Max Fleischman, S. H. Velie, J. Langford Stack and Major C. G. Ross. Stack was painfully injured when his pony slipped on the wet field and in falling rolled on his rider. He will be out of the game for several weeks. The players divided into Coronado and All-Star teams, the latter winning, 12 to 6.

Annual Polo Tournament at Riverside

Riverside is making plans for holding its annual midwinter polo tournament February 15 to 22. Two teams from Coronado, two from Midwick, one from Santa Barbara, one from Riverside and one army team are expected to be present for the affair. As a variation from polo matches, one day of the tournament will be set aside for polo pony racing and gymnkhana sports. Alvin Untermyer of the Riverside club has offered four individual cups for members of the winning team playing in the classification of twelve handicap or less. In addition, there will be matches for the Glenwood Mission Inn challenge cup and the Walter Dupee trophy.

Foolish Rule and Its Results

Either Maurice McLoughlin and Tom Bundy are not greatly worried whether or not the United States Lawn Tennis Association declares them professionals or else they consider that such an action will result in a transference of the center of tennis activities to the

west, for they are going right ahead with their plans for the establishment of a sporting goods store in this city. Apparently, there is a reason. Open threats that the Pacific Coast Association will secede and form the American Lawn Tennis Association in case the national body goes so far as to disqualify its best players because they are connected with the sale of sporting goods, are freely made and have been heard and heeded in the east. Without the Californians, tennis in the east would be practically dead. The greatest interest that attached to the national and smaller tournaments is one of speculation as to which westerner will win. Did Mrs. Bundy and Miss Sutton choose to go east there is no doubt that every national title would be held in this state. Back east a tennis player seldom does anything like selling sporting goods. No, no, if he has to make a living he sells stocks and bonds—to the people who are glad to meet him because of his tennis reputation. The distinction is hard to see. McLoughlin and Bundy are not the only players who would be affected by the adoption of a rule declaring all men who deal in or handle sporting goods to be professionals. Willie Johnston, national champion, clerks in an establishment of that character in San Francisco. Developments will be awaited with interest.

Carrying the War Into Manila

California tennis is being carried to the ends of the earth and Ward Dawson of Los Angeles is one of those most actively engaged in demonstrating its merits for alien peoples. Together with Clarence Griffin of San Francisco, Dawson went to Manila last fall and this week he and Griffin succeeded in annexing the Far Eastern doubles championship, and Griffin is, with Willie Johnston, one of the national doubles champions of the United States.

Magazines of the Month

To the Theosophical Path for January, Grace Knoche contributes a finely illustrated article on "The Gift of Antiquity to Art." There are a number of fine reproductions of photographs taken at the Lomaland Homestead and numerous contributions of general interest, including "Logic and Christianity" by H. T. Edge, M. A. and "Alcoholism and Other Habits" by H. Travers, M. A.

"Our Amazing Business Revival and Its Political Effects" is the occasion for interesting selections from the public press compiled in the January Current Opinion, which also devotes the usual amount of space to comment on domestic affairs, in addition to many excellent war articles. "Why the Allies Deem Germany's Balkan Adventure Futile," is the title of one of the most important articles.

Continuing the publication of interesting symposiums along New Thought lines, the Nautilus for January contains an interesting collection of articles on "How We Made Ourselves Over." Edwin Markham contributes "Three Poems of Life" and there is the usual interesting editorial comment.

"Willard Huntington Wright number" might be used as a designation for the January Forum. Not only has the former Los Angelen two articles in the magazine, one his monthly contribution of art discussion and the second a biting criticism of the "Spoon River Anthology," but a third article, by Andre Tridon, is a consideration of Wright and his work, under the title of "America's First Aesthete." The "Spoon River Anthology" is made the subject of contributions by Bliss Carman and William Stanley Braithwaite, in addition to that by Wright. Other articles, stories and poems, this month are "Christmas, 1915" by Percy MacKaye; "The Fool" by Edward J. O'Brien; "The Book of the Dead" by Marian Cox; "Understanding Germany" by Max Eastman; "Undesired" by Anna Spencer Twitchell; "The Mind of the Soldier" by Hereward Carrington; "General Salvador Alvarado" by Carlo de Fornaro; "With Malice Aforethought" by Martha Gruening; Herbert Spencer's "The Great Political Superstition" with notes by Nicholas Murray Butler and "Where Great Vision Is—" by Shaemas O. Sheel.

"Normans in European History" by Charles H. Haskins, published in this country by Houghton Mifflin Company will be brought out in London by Constable & Co.

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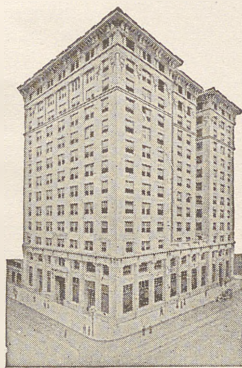
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Many leading gas-engine experts have recently declared that lubricating oil made from asphalt-base petroleum gives best results.

Pacific Coast motorists made the same discovery years ago. For the majority have been using Zerolene in preference to all other oils. They agree with the experts.

Zerolene is made from selected California petroleum— asphalt-base—under the unequalled refining facilities of the Standard Oil Company.

Next time you empty the crank case, refill with Zerolene.

Standard Oil Company
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ZEROLENE
the Standard Oil for Motor Cars

The Saint

—a fast Santa Fe train to

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The Buffet-Library car, the Pullman sleepers and the Observation sleeper are all of the latest Pullman pattern—and Santa Fe employees enjoy a national reputation for courtesy.

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Magazines for February

Randolph Bartlett, formerly of Los Angeles, has a delicious satire in the February Smart Set, entitled "The Respective Virtues of Heloise and Maggie." Hugh Kahler contributes the leading story of the month, called "The Compleat Sinner." The magazine is running more and more to short contributions and is, as usual, an enlivening literary cocktail.

One Person In Every Six

Of all the people in Los Angeles is a depositor in the Security Trust & Savings Bank.

Savings deposits in this Bank are by law exempt from State, County, and City taxes.

4% upon term savings accounts.

3% upon savings accounts with checking privileges, credited monthly on minimum balances of \$300.—

Branch, Main Office, or by Mail.

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
Savings Commercial Trust

Oldest and Largest Savings Bank in the Southwest

Resources over \$45,000,000.00

SECURITY BUILDING
Fifth and Spring

EQUITABLE BRANCH
First and Spring

BOOKS, STATIONERY & PICTURES
JONES BOOK STORE, 226 West First St. and 619 South Hill St.

Stocks & Bonds

HOME Telephone stocks and bonds created something of a sensation on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week by their unusual strength. Common stock was snapped up at \$22.50 whenever it was offered and there was a strong buying element seeking preferred at figures better than \$64. The activity extended to the Home Telephone bonds, giving an impetus to the local bond market such as it has not experienced for several months. The prevailing figure on Home first mortgage bonds was 90 and on First Refunding, 84½, with persistent calls for both issues and many sales reported, both on and off board. Los Angeles Investment has been an intermittent trader, with price levels hovering around 75 cents.

Union Oil has slumped badly. Wednesday it registered a loss of 7 points and at this writing is selling for but \$70, as against better than \$80 last week. Promised legal troubles for the company, growing out of attempts of a number of stockholders to wrest control from the Stewart interests, are believed responsible for the break. The pronounced demand for Associated Oil, which has been noticeable for several weeks, also was missing, but the stock remained firm at about \$64.50.

Other securities than the oil issues likewise showed a disposition to seek lower levels. Ivanhoe, a favorite Oatman mining stock which was a decidedly heavy trader early in the week, experienced a reaction of several points. Big Jim has been slack, Tom Reed lost what little it gained last week and Lucky Boy seemed the only Oatman issue to make and hold a gain. Yellow Pine mining stock advanced several points on announcement, Monday, of a ten per cent dividend, payable February 10, the books to close February 1. California Hills, a low priced mine issue, advanced to 2 cents. Despite the softening of the market brokers expressed confidence that better quotations will prevail in a few days. They were inclined to attribute the weakening to a general lassitude resulting from unfavorable weather.

Banks and Bankers

National Banks in California have this month been placed in the novel position of being required to make reports to a state official, as the majority of them are complying, without contest, with the state law that statements must be made to the bank commissioner of all deposits remaining unclaimed for ten years. Publication of such statements has been required in California for a number of years, but recently a new law was adopted making it compulsory for the banks also to report directly to the state bank department and requiring escheat to the state of all deposits unclaimed for twenty years. This latter provision was tested by state banks as to its constitutionality and upheld by the court of appeals. National banks in general are ignoring the question of jurisdiction and replying to the circular letter recently sent them by State Superintendent of Banks Williams requesting that the reports be submitted.

Fresno has been selected as the next place for the meeting of the California Bankers' Association and the state convention will be held May 18, 19 and 20. The decision was reached last week in San Francisco at a meeting of the association's executive council, of which W. D. Longyear, cashier of the Security Trust and Savings Bank of this city, is one of the members.

To meet the demands of its constantly increasing business, the Farmers and Merchants National Bank is preparing to occupy, as additional quarters adjoining its present location, the banking room on Fourth street which was vacated by the Traders' Bank following the consolidation of that institution with the California Savings and Trust Bank.

National banks of New York City had average earnings last year of 17.07 on capital, 6.3 per cent on capital and surplus and 1.03 per cent on total funds.

Stock and Bond Briefs

War stocks are being tried out, ac-

cording to J. S. Bache & Co., the New York brokerage firm, which says of them, "In the last few months some of them have been sold on inside information, but more have been sold on suspicion. Some have probably declined below real value. Later on, when values have been established, for better or worse, by actual information or earnings through annual statements and other public sources, we shall have a legitimate speculation in war stocks. They will become in a sense 'seasoned' and, consequently, not subject to violent fluctuations all by themselves and apart from the rest of the market. As all indications point to long duration of the war, this class of stocks probably will continue to hold the interest of the public for a long time."

Iron Age believes that advances in steel have not reached their limit and that export demand will be a factor in establishing higher levels. It reports the steel corporation's December increase as 616,000 tons and unfilled orders of 7,800,000 tons are the largest since early in 1913, representing an increase of 4,000,000 tons in 1915.

Net earnings of the Anaconda Copper Company on the basis of present copper prices, are the largest on record. As a result of new construction and development work Anaconda has been turning out copper at the cost of about 8 cents a pound. On a production of 300,000,000 pounds annually and 24-cent copper, this would mean theoretical profits at the rate of \$48,000,000 yearly or nearly \$21 a share. Stockholders are expecting the declaration of an extra dividend when the directors meet in March.

Gasoline is now selling in New York City at 28 cents a gallon, retail. Many brokers incline to the opinion that the higher price of fuel has been felt in advance of petroleum stocks.

GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

MORE than one hundred members and friends of the Los Angeles Life Underwriters' Association enjoyed the annual dinner-dance of that organization at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Monday evening. The tables for the dinner had been beautifully decorated, pink roses furnishing the motif. At the dinner the greatest speaking hit of the evening was made by Frank E. McMullen, former president of the National Fire Underwriters' Association, who responded to the toast "To the ladies." H. S. McKee, cashier of the National Bank of California, gave a trenchant, optimistic talk on business conditions. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

E. C. Dozier of the insurance firm of E. L. Blanchard Co. has returned from a business trip of three weeks, passed principally in Oakland.

All but two of the thirty-five automobile insurance companies doing business in California have adopted a new constitution and general rules and completely reorganized the Pacific Coast Automobile Underwriters' Conference, with headquarters in San Francisco. F. B. Lellam, branch secretary for the Pacific department of the Royal and Queen, has been elected president. A new automobile rating schedule has been adopted. The rule that business on the companies' books written below standard rates should be cancelled within thirty days and that in extraordinary instances agents might apply to the executive committee for relief, did not meet with the approval of two companies, which demanded that below rate business be cancelled immediately.

Incorporation of the insurance business of Walter J. Wren & Co., has been effected under the name of Wren and VanAlen. Egbert VanAlen has been an equal partner with Mr. Wren in the business for several years. The concern writes one of the largest lines of fire insurance in the city.

Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, has applied for an additional \$600,000 of life insurance, which, if it is written, will increase his total life insurance to \$1,050,000.

THROUGH "STORY LAND"

Over the Sunset Route

Through the orange groves of Southern California—up San Timoteo Canyon—through San Geronimo Pass—near the foot of Mt. San Jacinto—through the Coachella Valley—skirting the Salton Sea—

Through Arizona and New Mexico—The Commonwealth of Texas with its Cotton Fields and Rice Plantations—The "Sugar Bowl" of Louisiana—The Bayou Teche, home of Evangeline—

Quaint, Historic New Orleans: "A dash of Paris—a suspicion of old Spain—a background of Mississippi Levees, and an atmosphere of true Southern Hospitality."

AND, THROUGH THE SOUTH—

"Dixieland" of Song and Story

Double Daily Service.

Leave Los Angeles 8:15 a. m.; 3:15 p. m. Connections at New Orleans with Limited Trains North and East.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC STEAMERS

Leave New Orleans Wednesday and Saturdays for New York. Fares same as all rail, and include meals and berth on ship.

Southern Pacific

Station Restaurant for Passengers' Convenience—Reasonable Prices.



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212 West Seventh St.
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Home 60641—Main 8322
Day or Night
Station: Fifth and Central Avenue

CLEARING HOUSE BANKS

NAME

OFFICERS

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Sixth and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,000,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Spring

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000;
Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.

HIRBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK
Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg.
Spring and Fourth.

GEORGE CHAFFEY, President.
GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier.
Capital, \$325,000.00.
Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
MALCOLME CROWE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits \$20,000,000.

Fairchild Gilmore Wilton Co.

Paving Contractors

394-6-8 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. 7% Street Improvement Bonds For Sale
Exempt from State, County, City and Income Taxes. In buying from us you buy direct from the owner of the bonds.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Los Angeles

Council votes to abolish present plan of motion picture censorship.
Republicans hold first local meeting for 1916 campaign.
Heavy rains continue to interfere with street-car service.
Culver City bank robbed by bandit.

California

California Highway Commission announces intention of starting construction of road across desert to Yuma.
Owens Valley experiences heaviest storm ever recorded there.
Episcopalians of diocese of California meet in San Francisco.
Colorado river floods menace Imperial irrigation system.

Foreign

Turks claim victory over English in Mesopotamia.
Russians assert they have achieved great victory over Turks.
New German offensive in west seems a failure.
British do not accept blockade suggestions of President Wilson.

United States

Administration rejects as unsatisfactory German proposals for settlement of Lusitania case.
United States troops on Rio Grande have trouble with Mexicans.
Supreme court holds income tax law is constitutional.

Frederick Palmer's book, "My Year of the Great War" is now in its third large edition. Mr. Palmer is the one accredited representative of the American press with the British forces at the front. He has passed a year observing at first hand the conditions of actual fighting and his book is said to be the most vivid picture of the great war yet published. Of especial interest is the fact that Palmer alone of all American correspondents visited the English fleet and has devoted several chapters of his book to a graphic description of the sea power of England. Palmer is now in this country lecturing on his experiences in the war.

RESULTS FOR 1915

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of California FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR

New Life Insurance Issued (Paid for Basis)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$ 21,518,654.00
Total Life Insurance in Force, December 31, 1915-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	160,659,702.00
Gain in Life Insurance in Force	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	6,134,255.00
Total Cash Income	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	9,753,687.16
Gain in Cash Income over 1914	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	247,571.11
Total Paid Policyholders	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3,939,593.98
Grand Total Paid Policyholders since Organization	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	44,350,477.81
Surplus, Assigned and Unassigned (Exclusive of Capital)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3,504,807.47
Gain in Surplus (Assigned and Unassigned)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	514,961.90
Total Admitted Assets	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	35,656,611.04
Gain in Admitted Assets	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3,051,998.79
Reserves on Policies	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	29,906,225.44
Gain in Reserves	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2,315,612.81
Premium Income, Accident Department	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1,794,094.77

The Pacific Mutual has \$20,117,165 invested in FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS, on which the AVERAGE INTEREST earned in 1915 was 6.49 per cent. Average rate of interest earned on total invested funds, 6.25 per cent.

THE ACTUAL DEATH RATE of the Company's Life Business in 1915 was 65.89 per cent. of the Normal or Expected Death Rate.

All the Foregoing Figures are Compiled from the Sworn Report of the Pacific Mutual to the Insurance Department in each of the Forty-five States in which the Company is Licensed to do Business.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

GEO. I. COCHRAN	-	-	-	-	President	W. H. CROCKER	Pres. Crocker Nat'l Bank, San Francisco
GAIL B. JOHNSON	-	-	-	-	Vice President	J. C. DRAKE	Pres. Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank
DANFORD M. BAKER	-	-	-	-	Second Vice President	JOHN B. MILLER	Pres. Southern California Edison Co.
LEE A. PHILLIPS	-	-	-	-	Third Vice President	LUCIEN SHAW	Justice Supreme Court of California
RICH J. MIER	-	-	-	-	Fourth Vice President	DR. MILBANK JOHNSON	Los Angeles
C. I. D. MOORE	-	-	-	-	Secretary	ISAAC MILBANK	Los Angeles
W. H. DAVIS	-	-	-	-	General Counsel	DR. JOHN R. HAYNES	Los Angeles
W. W. BECKETT	-	-	-	-	Medical Director	JOSEPH H. CLARK	Santa Monica
ALFRED G. HANN	-	-	-	-	Actuary	DR. H. G. BRAINERD	Los Angeles

Home Office, Sixth and Olive Streets, Los Angeles

Los Angeles Agencies


JOHN NEWTON RUSSELL, Jr.,
Manager Home Office General Agency
Life Department
517 West Sixth Street
Phones, F-9262 Main 4865



THE McCUISTION COMPANY,
General Agents,

Accident Department
413, 414 and 415 Story Building
Phones, F-6494, Main 1889

Something New

The Pacific Mutual has a plan for paying DOUBLE THE AMOUNT of the Life Policy in case of Death by Accident, and at a trifling additional cost. You place yourself under no obligation whatever by sending in this coupon. 

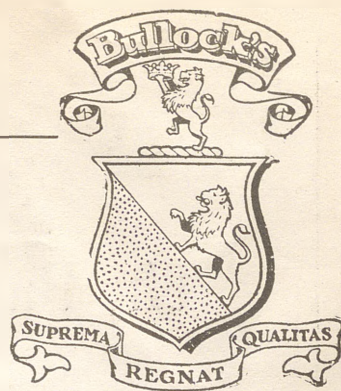
J. N. Russell, Jr., Manager,
517 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles.

Please send me rates and information as to the Pacific Mutual's new Doubling feature.

Name _____ Age _____

Occupation _____

Address _____



—“Enough Automobiling is Enough”—No wonder women are taking to Athletics more strongly each season. The Human Body demands Exercise—and if we are not going to get it the way our Grandfathers and Grandmothers did—by walking, because they had to walk—we must get it by forcing ourselves to—

Walk! Golf! Tennis! Skate! Ride!

And there are ever so many other good sports

—that are rich in exercise—that hold health for us—and pleasure. My! it doesn't take much forcing after one just learns. It's fine to walk, when you know how and walk right—and are dressed right—that's important—

You Must Be Dressed Right

—to get the real pleasure out of Walking, same as out of Golfing, Riding and everything else—Automobiling included—yes, indeed the Automobile is all right, and fine in its place—if it isn't overdone—but the tendency is to overdo it.)

—And you should see the way Dress Makers—and Suit Makers—and Coat Makers are concentrating upon Right Clothes for Vigorous Wear.

—New kinds of clothes, really, that are perfectly splendid—so practical and free and easy—yet, overflowing with individuality and originality and beauty and—

All the Essentials of Style

—So much so in fact that it will not be surprising if the more elaborate fashions for afternoon and evening wear take inspiration from some of their exclusive features.



—Just think of crimson red skirts and suits with red leather vests and coats—all of leather and corduroy—and suits with leather coats lined with velvet—and—

—But it would be simply impossible to give you an idea of these new Suits—Coats—Dresses that have come to Bullock's

—so many of them—so different—so new—so altogether attractive that no woman in Southern California who is at all interested in

—Clothes that are dedicated to Walking—Golfing—Motoring and other of the very best of sports

—should fail to see them—very unusual—in a most interesting display—on the Third Floor now.

Bullock's
Broadway at Seventh

